

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

HOGAN, FLAIR, MARTEL
Who Would Win A Special Championship Showdown?

TM

TERRY FUNK

Does He Know Hulk Hogan's
Tragic, Fatal Weakness?

DON MURACO

Next Heavyweight
Champ Or Just
Another Beach Bum?

RANDY SAVAGE

How His Beauty-Queen
Manager Bewitches
His Opponents

WINDHAM— ROTUNDO

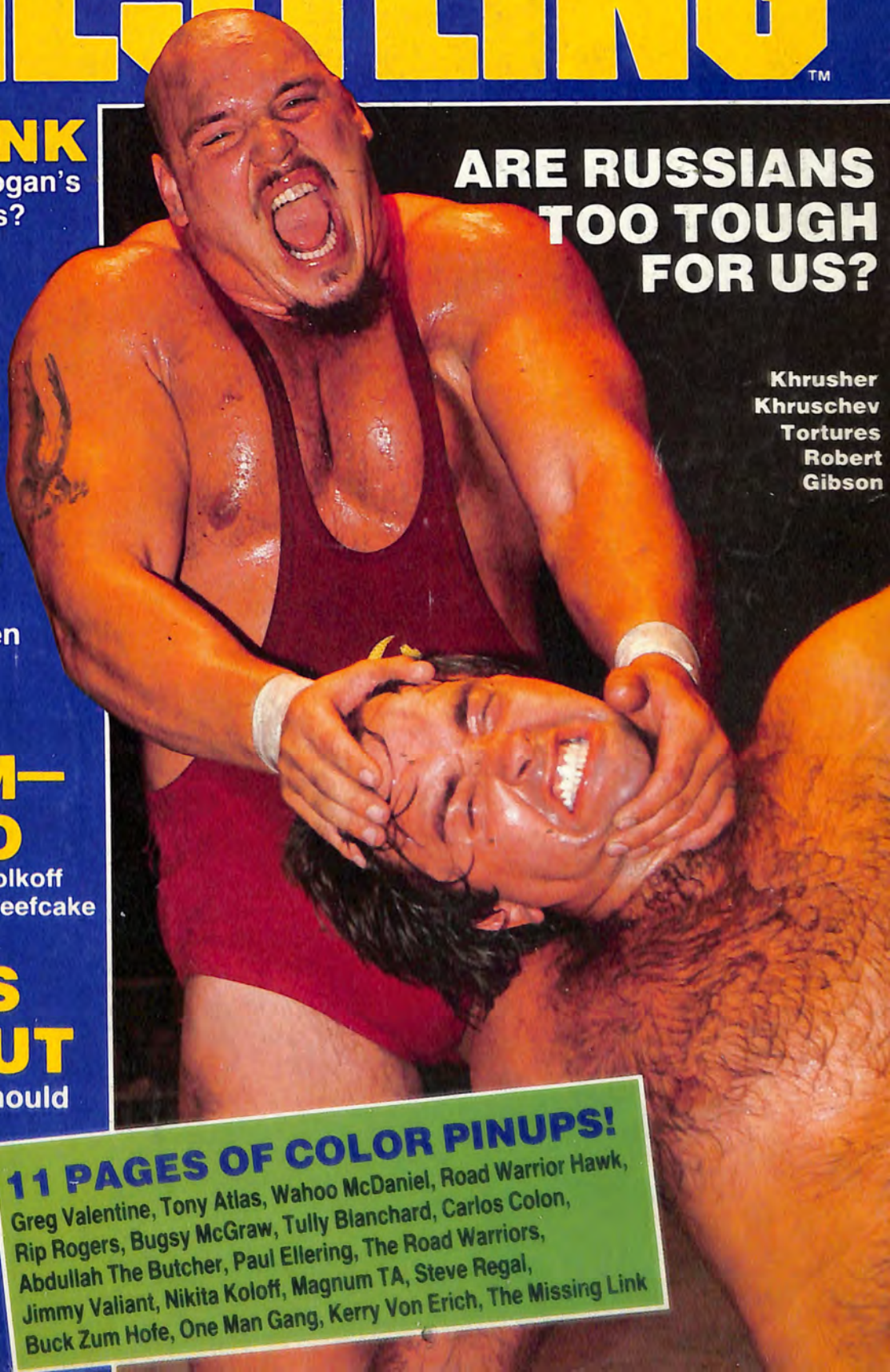
Victorious Over Sheik-Volkoff
Disgraced By Valentine-Beefcake

THE FANS SPEAK OUT

"Female Meddlers Should
Get Belted!"

**ARE RUSSIANS
TOO TOUGH
FOR US?**

Khrusher
Khruschev
Tortures
Robert
Gibson



11 PAGES OF COLOR PINUPS!

Greg Valentine, Tony Atlas, Wahoo McDaniel, Road Warrior Hawk,
Rip Rogers, Buggy McGraw, Tully Blanchard, Carlos Colon,
Abdullah The Butcher, Paul Ellering, The Road Warriors,
Jimmy Valiant, Nikita Koloff, Magnum TA, Steve Regal,
Buck Zum Hofe, One Man Gang, Kerry Von Erich, The Missing Link



02

71486 02318

**Handsome
Tully Blanchard**



YOU'LL LOOK SENSATIONAL WITH YOUR INSTANTAN



NO SUN! NO LAMPS! NO DRUGS!

Get the world's safest tan!
Get the world's fastest tan!
Get the most affordable tan!
**AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE
A PILL OR WAIT ONE MINUTE!**

Talk about good looks! Nothing makes you look better, healthier, more energetic than a rich, golden tan. We all know what some people will go through to achieve it... hours of sitting in the broiling sun or basking on a rooftop or sweltering under an expensive sun lamp... and now... some have even been induced to take pills... that promise to tan you from the *inside*. But how would you like to be able to put on a rich, *satiny-finish* golden tan as easily as putting on your clothes? And a more beautiful tan than you can get from the sun or a lamp or any pill! Marvelous INSTANTAN is here now and creating a whole new happy following of boosters.

Lasts as long as a sun tan!
Won't come off till you want it to!

INSTANTAN is not just another cover-up. It's an entirely new **KIND** of a product... that slips on as smooth as cream... sinks into the skin like a real suntan, without streaks or give-away signs of any kind and leaves you with a tan that's better, safer and more flattering than any sunbather or sunlamp sitter or pill-taker. Swim with it. Shower with it. But show it off as much as possible and watch them all envy that golden satiny, healthy-looking gloss.

Great tan for your entire body!

We want to emphasize... INSTANTAN is GOOD for your skin. Its dermatologically formulated with a collection of your skin's best helpers... plus an ingredient that adds a pigment developed with the aid of men's fashion consultants to achieve the color and glow most flattering to macho men. It contains elements that no other product of its kind has ever been able to boast before. It is indeed science's answer to a long-standing demand for a skin-tanning process that takes no time at all and does away with tedious methods now practiced.

Costs less in time and money!

Sun bathing takes lots of time and costs money in travel, lotions, and hours of basking in strong sunlight. INSTANTAN costs only pennies per application; takes only minutes and actually improves your skin better than lotions and balms and ointments costing up to ten times as much. And here's one MORE but very important PLUS... INSTANTAN is **guaranteed**... and we mean UNCONDITIONALLY... to be all we say... and to do all we promise... as fast as we say it will. All we want you to do is **try it**. Spread a little on

your skin. See how great it FEELS. Notice how great it looks! **That satiny golden sheen.** That healthy beachcomber look. That jet-setter vacation affluence you emanate. You'll have the look you've been envying on others. The glow of success. The appearance of well-being. And underneath your tan, your skin will take on a fine, smooth tone that only a well-cared-for complexion has.

High quality skin-care product.
Guaranteed to improve your skin.

Men of fair skin whom nature cheated out of the joy of a rich, healthy tan by making them turn beet-red and suffer pain, stop hiding from threatening ultra-violet rays! Your time has come! Spread on INSTANTAN and look marvelous! Stop worrying about the vulnerability to skin disease. INSTANTAN is good for fair skin especially! See how smooth, flexible and youthful your skin will become. Say goodbye to the lobster look and say hello to that rich, golden, satiny-gloss look you've always wished for. Fair skin or olive skin... INSTANTAN is for you. Wait till you see for yourself!

Not just a skin cover but a deep-down penetrating treatment.

We want you to give INSTANTAN the quick-spread test. Just rub it on any part of your body. See how it sinks INTO your skin. How smoothly it spreads. How good it feels. And how its satiny finish looks like the perfect suntan in rich glow, color and texture. How natural! Your friends will compliment you... and envy you.

INSTANTAN is the triumphant result of persistent, patient, extensive scientific research!

Dermatologists, bio-chemists, pharmacists and researchers pooled their collective knowledge to bring forth a product that works like magic. Soothes, smooths, colors, nourishes, protects, improves and stays on. Then off it comes, completely and easily WHEN YOU WANT IT TO. If that isn't something to shout about, we don't know our miracles... and we've brought forth a few. Try it yourself without risk.

A personal note from us to you...

Before INSTANTAN is offered through national retail channels, we have induced the laboratories not only to permit us to bring this wonder product to you by mail order, but to let us set the price as low as possible for a predetermined time. The great success we have had with over a dozen new products in the very recent past has given us special prestige with research laboratories, not to mention an enviable position among consumers. Our guarantee on all our products means a lot.



No more hours of broiling! No more waiting! Tan right away! GLOWING NATURAL BRONZE!

Ever on the alert to bring our many friends new and wonderful products at prices they can well afford, we are justifiably proud to bring you INSTANTAN because we know of nothing else like it. So confident are we that you will not only delight in it but tell your closest friends and family about it that we have specially lowered the offering price in anticipation of extraordinarily large volume through recommendation. Only by trying it can you even begin to appreciate it. Therefore, we urge you to order now and get our quick delivery.

If you're not absolutely thrilled with what INSTANTAN does for you return it for full refund!

What else can we do but impress upon you the fact that we take all the risk? How else can we convince you that we are 100% sincere when we make claims that are so sensational they are hard to believe? But if you try this product and for any reason feel even the slightest bit dissatisfied, we will gladly refund your money. Our good reputation is at stake.

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OKAY! Send me a supply of INSTANTAN and if it doesn't produce a better tan than the sun, or a lamp or pills I understand I can get my money back... no delay or questions...

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☐ Double supply... 12.75

I am adding \$1.00 to cover postage and handling.

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CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

Volume 2 Number 4 February 1986



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Departments

- 6 Official Ratings**
- 8 Around The Mat**
- 16 The Fans Speak Out**



Features

18 Windham-Rotundo Vs Volkoff—The Iron Sheik

This All-American twosome managed to take the WWF Tag Team title from hated foreigners only to lose it to Valentine-Beefcake!

22 Magnificent Don Muraco

His steel cage matches with Hulk Hogan have already made history but the question remains to be settled: who is the king of the beach?!

28 A Champion For All Wrestling?

Who would win if all wrestling were combined into a single federation with one and only one champion—Hulk Hogan, Rick Martel, Ric Flair or who do you think?

46 Rick Martel Vs King Tonga

AWA kingpin Rick Martel once again proves why he is the top man in this most competitive wrestling group by turning back the cunning challenger from the Pacific islands.

50 Buck Zum Hofe Vs Steve Regal

Zum Hofe has promised to make a lot of noise in the world of professional wrestling and this rough 'n ready rocker wants to do it at the expense of his hated enemy Steve Regal.

54 Terry Funk Challenges Hulk Hogan

Funk knows the secrets of the Hulkster's wrestling successes and promises to use this valuable knowledge in his claim to the WWF title.

60 More About The Tonga Kid

Why this wrestler is destined for greatness; and why he may have to endure a lot of trouble in the near future.

64 Macho Man Randy Savage & His New Manager

Has Savage betrayed wrestling by adopting the beautiful Elisabeth as his manager? Can any of his future opponents ignore the bewitching charm which leaves them helpless and at the Macho Man's mercy?

68 Brute Force Showdown

In one of Madison Square Garden's greatest wrestling cards, some of the biggest names—and bodies—in the professional sport were assembled.

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Now enjoy a life of unbelievable riches, lasting love and constant protection with the secrets in this startling WITCH BOOK—

THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT

Whatever it is you need or want, Witchcraft can get it for you quickly, easily, and automatically, say these experts. You'll discover how it can bring abundant and overflowing wealth, find or bring back a lover, ward off evil influences, and much more—step-by-step in plain English, with complete easy-to-follow instructions!

Yes... Witchcraft! Every time you hear the word it brings with it the feelings of deep occult secrets—secrets that you would like to know so that your life can be better; so that your enemies will stop bothering you; so that serenity, love, power and comfort can be yours!

THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT lays bare these secrets for the first time! Do you want a bank account bursting at the seams with money? A love life that would make a sultan envious? Supreme power to crush your enemies and reward your friends? What would it be worth to you to utter a simple incantation that would cause any pain to vanish? Or say another, and immediately recover some lost object?

What would it be worth to you to fly through time and space, on astral wings, as Witches do... go wherever you wish... do whatever you wish... without being detected... watch the antics of others behind closed doors... hear private conversations... make time run forward or backward... read tomorrow's newspaper in a "black mirror"... find out what really happened in history... make your face old or young at will!

BRINGS AUTOMATIC ASSURED SUCCESS!

Witchcraft can bring your heart's desire! You can use it to heal someone, influence the boss to give you that raise, or make someone stop bothering you. It's easy! The easiest thing in the world! You don't have to be wealthy, super-intelligent to get started! Thousands of ordinary people all over the world are using Witchcraft Power right now!

Witches have known for centuries that people are scared of them and their powers! And rightly so! NOW YOU CAN SHARE THE SAME POWER! That gives you literally—life and death control over other persons! Is someone bothering you? No problem at all, with Magic Witchcraft. For example, there is a spell called the "Cross Not My Path" ritual, for people who are having neighbor trouble. When you use it, you know you will never again have trouble with this neighbor!

With these amazing Witchcraft secrets, other people will look up to you—in awe—you'll automatically dazzle others with your power to make things happen at your will, you'll be Master of your destiny, and never have to apologize to anyone for anything!

Whatever you want or need, whatever frustration is bothering you, Witchcraft will help you. It is not evil—nor is it Black Magic. Like electricity, it is simply a power given by nature for the use of men, to make life easier.

You'll see how to get paid without working... how to get expensive clothes and furs FREE... how to get a first-class plane seat FREE... how to vacation at the finest hotels, motels, pools and pleasure palaces, start living like a millionaire as Witches do!

AMAZING TECHNIQUE HAS HELPED THOUSANDS!

Witchcraft secrets like these can make you rich faster than anything else in the world! Here's how others have used them to make

IN THIS WITCH BOOK YOU'LL DISCOVER...

- How to Cast Spells that Really Work!
- Your Magic Window on the World!
- Personal Protection!
- Telepathy Made Easy!
- Influencing Others to Do Your Bidding!
- Controlling a Conversation!
- The Technique of Silent Persuasion!
- Using Witchcraft to Find Friends!
- How to Find the Lover You Want!
- How to Bring Your Perfect Mate to You!
- How to Dominate Others!
- Witchcraft Power for Money!
- Witchcraft Power to Make You Irresistible to Others!
- Spells for Finding Lost Objects!
- How to Always Win with Luck Spells!
- More Power for Bigger Goals!
- Inhaling Cosmic Energy!
- Recharging Your Cosmic Batteries!
- Raising Your Vital Energy Level!
- How to Keep Evil Forces Away!

miracles happen in their daily lives!

You'll see how Vern, a man who likes to give a lot of expensive parties, was always short of cash until he discovered the amazing WITCH'S MONEY JAR—now all he has to do is dip in, for it brings him an endless flow of cash! Evelyn, a waitress, was always lending money to friends, and was always broke. Finally, she placed her last dollar on the table, and worked the MONEY MAGNET SPELL over it. All at once, dozens of people who had borrowed money from her, rushed to pay her back!

Hank was perpetually broke. One night he got together with some friends, and they decided to cast the MONEY SPELL. The very next day, Hank received in the mail a check for some \$250 worth of insurance. (He had never heard of the company that sent the check, he was not insured with them, and had never even made a claim—but he accepted the money.) Another member of the group that used the spell, a 40-year-old secretary, received an automobile as a gift! All the other members of the group received amazing windfalls of money, as well! You'll see how Dexter, a retiree, lives RENT FREE and receives \$200 a week at the age of 78, with a secret you'll find in this Witch Book! You'll see how Claudine, a secretary, was able to wear the finest, most expensive furs—FREE—and spend weekends at an expensive ski lodge in the mountains, where she met a wonderful man! How Ruth L., a widow—with nothing but a small pension, and a little savings—received her dream house, by using a simple 5-minute ritual on page 38 of this book!

Using the same Witchcraft secrets, YOU can achieve peace of mind and freedom from money worries for the rest of your life!

YOU CAN HEAL YOURSELF AS WITCHES DO!

Feeling sick today? Plagued by a lot of troublesome illnesses? Perhaps some relative is sick and constantly demanding your attention? Or perhaps it is even a pet that needs help! With the MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT, you can cure anything, say authors Gavin and Yvonne Frost: "In our experience... we have not found a single incurable disease!"

• **ANDY DISSOLVES A GALLSTONE!**—Andy M. developed gallstones. When his illness became too troublesome to ignore, he went to a doctor. Urine tests revealed that he was chronically alkaline. His body was badly out of balance. Using this Witchcraft method to restore balance to the mind and body—in a short while, X-rays showed that he had no more gallstones! Andy never again suffered the excruciating pain of passing stones!

In the same way, say Gavin and Yvonne Frost, almost all illness can be prevented. You are actually employing an ancient Witchcraft method to remove diseased tissue! Even if you do not have any belief in the results, the power will work for you!

One woman, who had been in a wheelchair for 26 years, due to polio and arthritis, used the Witchcraft healing method, and reported that she had no pain and could walk and garden again! A man reported that his son's deep 3rd degree burns miraculously healed overnight!

• **HOW TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!**—A 4-year-old girl asked if she could try to heal a man who was limping—due to a torn ligament—with this simple Witchcraft healing method. In a matter of moments, she started her chant, laying her hands on the weak ankle. The man was miraculously cured! To skeptics, this should be convincing PROOF that anyone can use it!

AMAZING POWER CAN BE YOURS!

Whether you want infinite wealth, or just a comfortable new home, financial security, fine possessions, love, companionship, new health and vigor, power to control others, secret knowledge, protection from evil, or anything else, the magic power of Witchcraft can bring it to you quickly, easily and automatically! It's the easiest thing in the world!

• **HOW TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!**—Would you like to be able to see the future? You CAN with the magic Black Mirror you'll see how to make on page 23. All you need is some ink and a bowl of water. Then use the chant on this page, and you will be able to see many things. One man uses it to read tomorrow's newspaper. YOU can use it to check the stock market or that important horse race!

• **MAKE TIME RUN BACKWARD OR FORWARD!**—A



MEET THE AUTHORS

GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D., is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long line of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D., with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which she is a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

FREE... The Witches Protection Amulet For Just Examining The Witch Book...

When you receive your copy of **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT**, we will send you the witches protection amulet (See p. 26) that will protect you from evil. Whether you keep the book or not, this handsome, powerful amulet is yours as a gift. So send in this no-risk coupon right now!



3/4 inch dia.

Witch uses ancient methods to make time stand still or to run it backward or forward! To make your face look young or old at will, all you need is some morning dew, and the instructions on page 27. You can fly through time and space, on astral wings, go anywhere, do anything, with the simple method on page 126. You can visit a friend, look in on an acquaintance and see what he is doing—even appear in someone's dreams, and convince that person to do whatever you wish!

• **SECRETS OF SILENT PERSUASION!**—There is a magic handshake that Witches often use, revealed on page 62. With this secret, you can implant a thought in someone's mind! You can use this Witchcraft power to dominate others! Control your boss! Make someone love you! Leave your enemies groveling in the dust! There is even a gazing technique Witches use on page 45, for identical thoughts. With this secret, you can read your friend's mind and share his or her identical thoughts!

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR NO-RISK COPY!

Witchcraft can make you rich, even in a ghetto! You should never have to worry about the rent, or where the next dollar is coming from, never have to apologize to a boss! No matter how poor you are now, **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT** can bring you a life filled to the brim with pleasure, wealth, and all the glittering luxuries of the world! To get your copy of this amazing Witch Book, simply fill out and mail the no-risk coupon!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of **THE MAGIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT**, by Gavin and Yvonne Frost! I enclose \$11.95 plus \$2 postage and handling. I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at your risk or purchase price back and whatever I decide the **FREE** Amulet is mine!

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Now! Let This Amazing Witch Book Bring You INFINITE WEALTH, FINE POSSESSIONS, A COMFORTABLE NEW HOME, FINANCIAL SECURITY, LOVE, CONTROL OVER OTHERS, And More—Easily And Automatically!

For centuries, these Witchcraft secrets were hushed up, so that those in power could stay in power! Feudal lords kept their bondsmen as slaves. Factory owners kept their employees in dreaded sweatshops, because these masters knew they must not allow their workers to realize that they need not labor their lives away. Witchcraft was suppressed because it works! Not because of any "evil" in it. If it hadn't worked, no one would have worried about it. If you want to gain power, all you need is this amazing Witch Book!

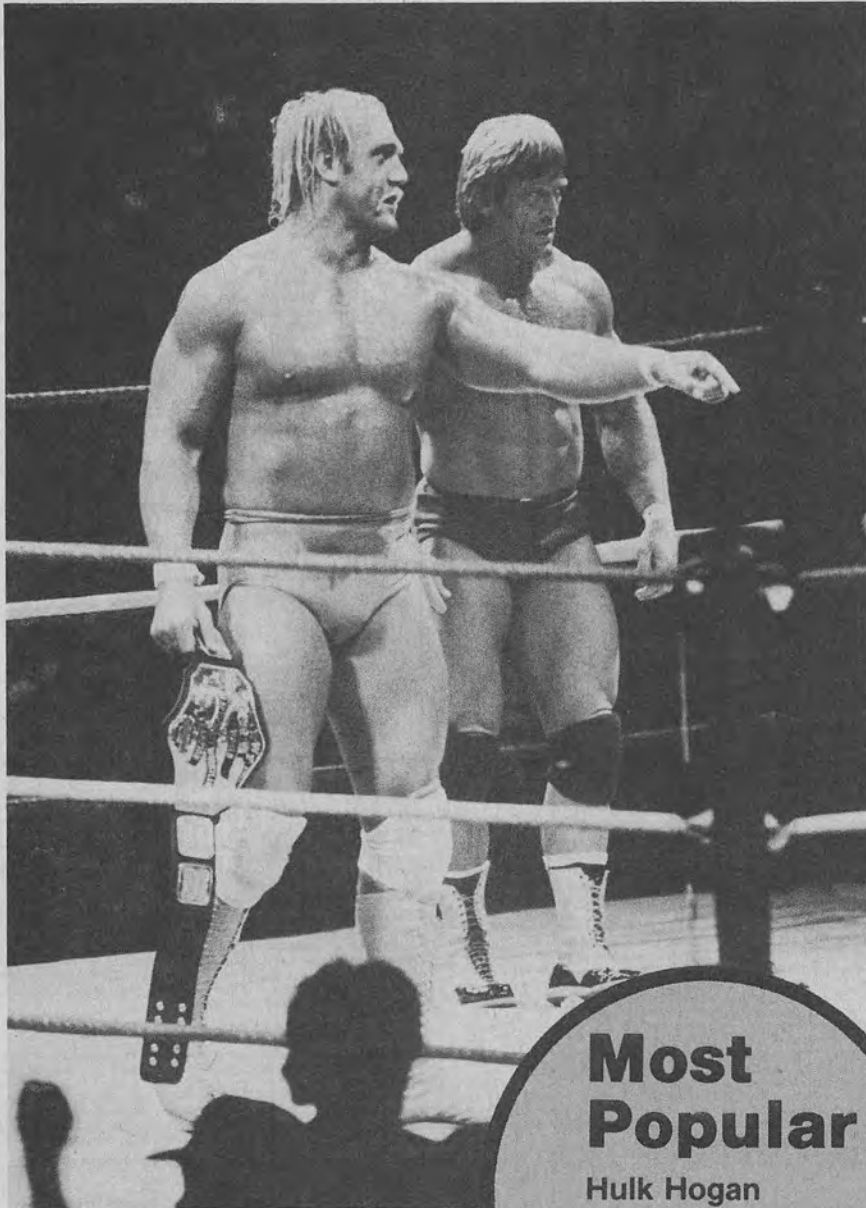
By using these Witchcraft secrets, you too can change your life and gain health, wealth, someone to love—or anything else—surely, swiftly and automatically!

• **THE WITCH'S MONEY JAR!**—You'll discover the secret of the Witch's Money Jar, a mysterious jar that fills with money—whenever you want or need it! All you need is some water, pennies, and an ordinary jar or bowl! You'll be amazed at the speed with which it fills with money—a seemingly endless supply of needed cash!

• **THE WITCH'S MONEY MAGNET!**—You'll see how to magnetize a dollar bill so that it multiplies! All you need to make your own Witch's Money Magnet is a dollar bill, a green candle, and the words on page 38. Once you do this, your dollar will double and keep doubling! You'll enjoy glittering luxuries, and start living like a millionaire, as Witches do!

• **THE WITCH'S BLACK MIRROR!**—Just as your TV set has been called your "window on the world," so the Black Mirror is your "window on the psychic world"—the world of the unknown. Making your own personal Black Mirror takes only a few moments and can open the way to unguessable visions. All you need is a bowl of water, some ink, and the chant on page 23. Suddenly you will see scenes from other places and times, or any scene you wish to see!

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING OFFICIAL RATINGS

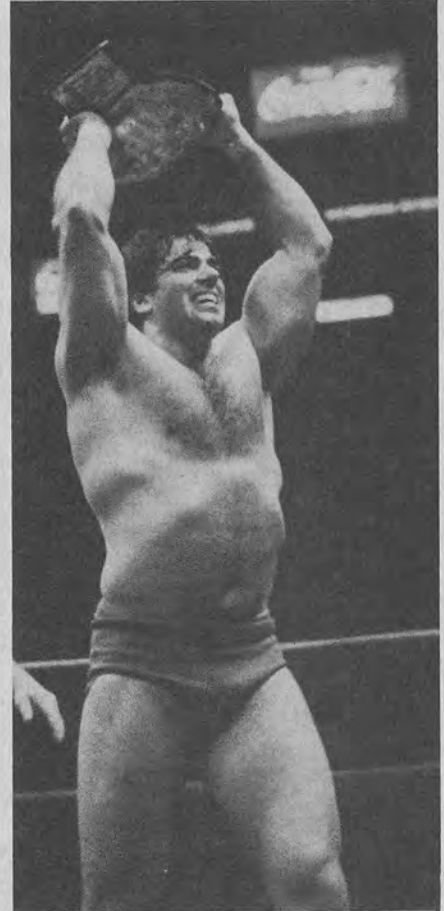


Most Popular

Hulk Hogan
Tito Santana
Paul Orndorff
Andre The Giant
Rick Martel

Most Hated

Jesse Ventura Rick Flair
Randy Savage Larry Zbyszko
The Magnificent Muraco



AWA — Top Ten

1. Rick Martel
2. Jimmy Garvin
3. Bob Backlund
4. Larry Zbyszko
5. Ray Stevens
6. Nick Bockwinkel
7. Baron Von Raschke
8. Jimmy Valiant
9. Kamala
10. Dory Funk



★ Champions ★

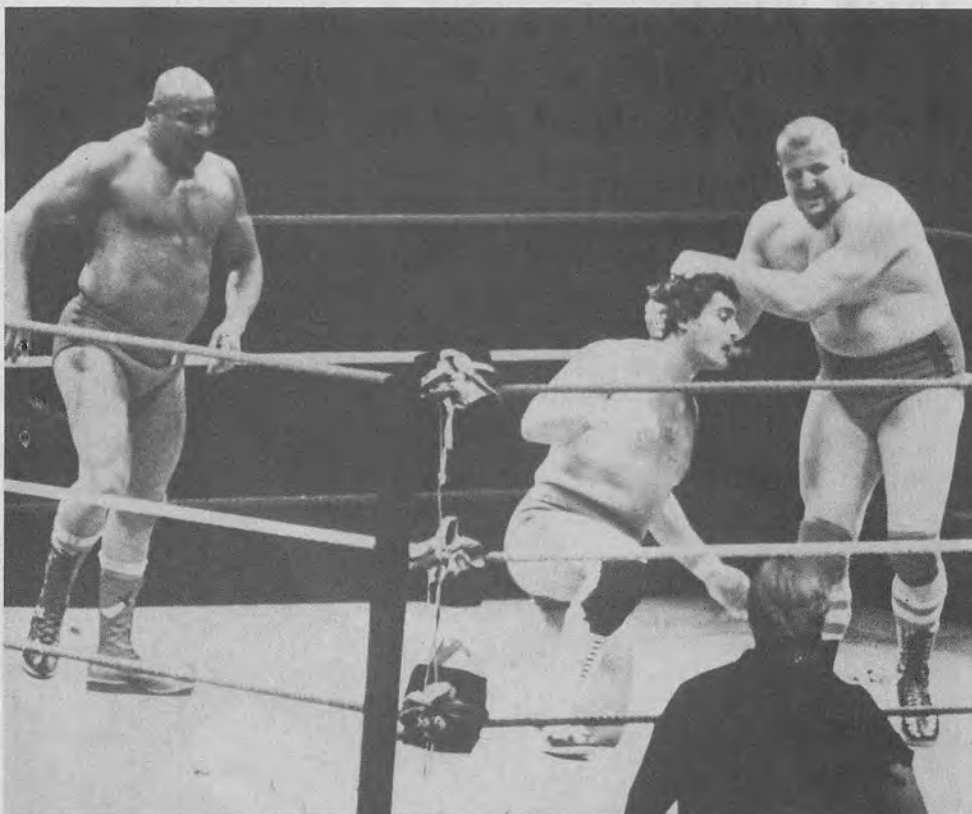
- ★ Ric Flair — NWA
- ★ Rick Martel — AWA
- ★ Hulk Hogan — WWF
- ★ Dory Funk — Universal
- ★ Tito Santana —
- ★ Intercontinental

NWA — Top Ten

1. Ric Flair
2. Terry Allen
3. Harley Race
4. Dusty Rhodes
5. Wahoo McDaniel
6. Jimmy Valiant
7. Sgt. Slaughter
8. Ricky Steamboat
9. Ivan Koloff
10. Krusher Khrushev

WWF — Top Ten

1. Hulk Hogan
2. Don Muraco
3. Paul Orndorff
4. Randy Savage
5. Brutus Beefcake
6. John Studd
7. Greg Valentine
8. The Iron Sheik
9. Terry Funk
10. Jesse Ventura



WWF — Tag Teams

- Greg Valentine -
- Brutus Beefcake
- Mike Rotundo -
- Barry Windham
- Nikoli Volkoff - The Iron Sheik
- The British Bulldogs
- Tito Santana - Junkyard Dog

AWA — Tag Teams

- Road Warriors
- The Killer Bees
- The Fabulous Freebirds
- Ivan & Nikita Koloff
- New Wild Samoans



***** AROUND THE MAT *****

THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION: Under the iron hand of Vince McMahon who is now recognized as the most inspired impresario seen by our sport in many a moon, this titan of professional wrestling regularly presents its very special brand of wrestling throughout the world.

Defying all bets, Hulk Hogan continues to hold onto the Heavyweight belt but is being hungrily stalked by such topnotch contenders as Rowdy Roddy Piper, The Magnificent Muraco, Big John Studd, King Kong Bundy, and Piper's personal ace-in-the-hole Cowboy Bob Orton.

However, many figure that if The Hulkster is to be taken down, it will come from either Randy "MachoMan" Savage or the big, bad hombre out of wrestling's most feared family dynasty, Terry Funk.

Savage, who thundered upon the Federation as a free agent—that is, without benefit of a manager calling his shots—proved himself to be very much the Macho Man, indeed: After being wooed by the broadest array of managers ever found in a single territory,

Dusty Rhodes says there's only one sure way to shut the ugly mouth of Greg Valentine.

What's happening in the wild world of professional wrestling—the WWF, NWA, AWA and so much more—all the latest feuds and fireworks from the Good, the Bad and the Ugly!

By Professor Elliott Maron



Cowboy Bob Orton is famous for his back-breaking tactics. But this rowdy Texan has made too many enemies to survive revenge much longer. Look for Orton to go in hiding real soon.

Savage turned his back on all these and chose instead to entrust his career to the managerial guidance of Miss Elizabeth—a winsome wisp of femininity who's as mentally well-endowed as she is physically stacked.

Whatever the outcome, a bout in which either Savage or Funk is given a go at the title is something no wrestling fan worthy of the name can afford to miss.

Hot off the presses comes word that "Titan" has a brand new set of Champs.

Fan favorites, Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo enjoyed a hugely impressive second go-round as Tag Champions, turning back such totally awesome teams as Blassie's Commies—Nikolai Volkoff and The Sheik—as well as Jimmy "The Mouth Of The South" Hart's so-called "Hart Foundation"—Brett Hart and Jim Niedhart. But during a recently sold-out card in the Philly Spectrum, Barry and Mike fell to the outrageous duo of Brutus Beefcake and Greg "The Hammer" Valentine.

The flamboyant twosome, managed jointly by Johnny Valiant and The Mouth, will never know the popularity of their predecessors but...personalities and occasional below-the-belt tactics aside...Oh man, how these guys can wrestle!

Dollars to doughnuts Capt. Lou Albano, who led no fewer than two dozen baddies to successful bids upon this title but now walks on the side of

the angels, is already rounding up a team sure to give Beefcake and The Hammer a real run for their money. (Lou: With Rocky Johnson and Tony "MR. U.S.A." Atlas back in the area, the time might be ripe to reunite The Soul Patrol...Or how about Paul Orndorff and Junkyard Dog? The exacting skills of Paul complemented by JYD's slam-bam pizzazz would render such a team darn-near unbeatable!)

Meanwhile, Tito Santana maintains his stronghold upon the Inter-Continental Championship, elegantly defending the title against all comers. But, Tito, don't look over your shoulder: Egged-on by his smiling manager Mr. Fuji, Don Muraco is closing in on you and the belt he held twice before.

Sad to note that Capt. Lou Albano's latest attempt to restore some semblance of mental health to wrestling's

A bout in which either Savage or Funk is given a shot at Hulk Hogan's title would be something no wrestling fan worthy of the name could afford to miss.



What's next for Brutus Beefcake? Some think his controversial tag team victory with Greg Valentine over Windham-Rotundo has served to thoroughly spoil this brat and now all our worst fears for him will be realized? Will Beefcake be another Valentine?



Look for Leaping Lanny Poffo to make some big successes in the near future. This high flyer has the skill and muscle it takes to go all the way to the top.

Tony Atlas is finally getting his career aimed in the right direction. Look for him to try the tag team route, joining with a big-name like Hulk Hogan.



Volkoff, The Sheik and Fred Blassie are down but not out. Look for more trouble from this terrible threesome.



Jimmy Garvin must learn to control Precious or this wild girl will end up either in a reformatory or a nunnery.

David Sammartino is progressing slowly. He wisely chose not to rush into title competition.



John Studd gets a kick out of torturing opponents, especially Hulk Hogan after the Hulkster promised to body-slam Studd.

most demented charge George "The Animal" Steele was met with yet another dismal defeat.—As we all know, dealing with the medulla oblongata is a tricky business at best.—Better luck next time, fellas.

So much fussin' and feudin' coming from the separate quarters of our gentle and not so gentle giants. Seems King Kong Bundy has been unwisely running his mouth that, where Big John Studd and all others failed, he (Bundy) can and soon will slam Andre into the floor of the squared circle. While this claim to superior strength doesn't exactly thrill Studd—in fact, Big John could be described as just a mite bent out of shape by the whole matter—it has Andre wild with anger... something you should try to avoid at all costs. A free-for-all involving these behemoths, the likes of which wrestling fans dream about, may become reality in the very near future.

Another big feud being fought throughout the area involves ex-soul-

AWA champ Ric Flair is being pressed by a rat pack of worthy challengers, including Harley Race, Superstar Billy Graham and The American Dream, Dusty Rhodes.

mates, Hollywood Fred Blassie and Lou Albano. Created by The Captain's shocking defection over to the clean side of town and marking an end to the friendship that spanned a quarter century, the bad blood between the two reached its recent boiling point. It was then that the former friends donned the familiar tights and brought it all to the mat in New York's Nassau Coliseum, where each seemed dead set on killing

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THREE is a HOLY number. Look at every Great Religion and you will see the number THREE again and again. The THREE parts of man are Body, Mind and Spirit. The Church speaks of the Holy Trinity (3). The Hindus talk of the Creator, the Destroyer, and the One who sits above them (3). Buddhists talk of the THREE centers of energy. Christ rose from the dead in three days. The more you look, the more you see THREE. All religions speak to God. Is it any wonder that in the world, there are THREE MAJOR PLACES TO HAVE YOUR PRAYERS FOR MIRACLES ANSWERED?

Millions Go There Every Year

None are turned away. Those who are lucky enough to be able to travel to those places can see for themselves. Hundreds of letters from people whose prayers have been answered – prayers for what they need. Crutches and walkers are hung on the walls – thrown away by those who have prayed to God and had their prayers answered immediately and completely. Answers that you and I call MIRACLES!!

What Is So Special About These Three Places?

We don't know. Perhaps these are three places where God's energy actually touches earth. Perhaps they were chosen because they are so plain – so that you should know that God cares about everyone – not just the special. But "Why" doesn't matter. What matters are facts. And the facts are very clear. MIRACLES HAPPENED IN THESE PLACES. NOT JUST ONCE, BUT OVER AND OVER AGAIN. MIRACLES THAT HAVE BEEN PROVEN, DOCUMENTED. Not just hearsay, or old wives' tales or claptrap or cheap talk – but real, true MIRACLES.

If You Were Rich You Could Go There!

For some of us it would take years of saving to afford to travel to just one of these places. Most of us will never be able to go there ourselves. If we did go there, what would we see? Beautiful shrines and cathedrals. Hundreds – sometimes thousands – of local people praying for what they need. On the walls hang the proof of prayer. You would be infected with a holy spirit. You would feel the divine power of Mary and her Mother, Anne. Just as your own mother comforted you and made you feel the power of love and peace, you would feel the presence of something more powerful than you, and at the same time, loving and warm. You might be in the same spot where thousands of people actually saw the sun "dance" from place to place as if in joy. You might stare in awe at the place where a young girl, at the direction of the Holy Mother, dug in the dry sand with her hands – a spot where now 32,000 gallons of healing waters come forth every day. Or you might find yourself in a great cathedral next to a mighty river where sailors were saved from certain death by the hands of God over three hundred years ago – a place where thousands have had their prayer answered ever since.

Even If You Could Afford To Go, Which ONE Would You Pick?

That's right! Even if you were to spend thousands of hard-earned dollars, you could only go to one place. You could only have the benefit of experiencing the miracles of one place – not three.

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How can you bring the blessings you need upon yourself? How can you communicate with the Power of Miracles to bring you what you and your loved ones have always wanted? How can you pray for special grace even for those who do not know how to pray for themselves (for you know that prayer for another is a more easily gotten gift than even for yourself)? You need to concentrate – you need to speak in a way that perhaps you have never spoken before – you need to talk to Those Extraordinary Powers to grant you your wishes, even as they listen to the wishes of hundreds of thousands of others. You must speak to them with special prayers to touch them where they have touched the Earth. At Lourdes, at St. Anne deBeaupres, at Fatima. You need to hold the cross of Triple Benefit and you need the prayers of the Cards of the Shrines.

What Is The Cross of Triple Benefit?

It is no ordinary cross. It is the only cross in the world that brings together the power of concentration of the THREE GREAT PLACES. No other cross does. The Cross of Triple Benefit has been specially blessed. Wear it. Carry it with you. Use it to concentrate your prayer efforts. Use it to communicate with St. Anne and Mary, Mother of Jesus. Use it with the special prayers you will find on the Cards of the Shrines.

What Are The Cards of The Shrines?

They contain special prayers – words that have been used, in some cases for hundreds of years successfully – to bring attention to YOUR NEEDS. To get YOUR wishes before The Extraordinary Power that can give you what you want. What YOU NEED!

DON'T DELAY

You remember the phrase, "God Helps Those Who Help Themselves." He waits for you to pray to ask Him so that He knows of your love for Him. He even said so, directly, through His Messenger at Lourdes. Her very words were: "... the message is very simple ... You must pray. You must realize you cannot do everything yourself. God waits for you to ask His help in prayer ... That was HIS message TO YOU! DO YOU NEED TO BE TOLD ANYTHING MORE?"

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The Samoans have reformed their act and are finally serious about seeking a title match with either The Road Warriors or Valentine-Beefcake.

Since Andre The Giant got the best of Ken Patera, the self-proclaimed "World's Strongest Man" has been keeping a low profile.

the other. Because the undisputed Prince of Darkness took to brutalizing not just Albano but referee Billy Caputo as well with the steel-tipped cane he'd smuggled into the ring, it's not too surprising Lou was awarded the duke on this ref's decision. Officials who viewed the carnage decreed, because the safety of spectators and their own referees was in jeopardy, mere ropes were not enough to contain this murderous duo. The battle will therefore resume in that little piece of hell known as the steel cage.

On the mat or off, both men live their respective lives to the limit. Capt. Lou



AWA kingpin Rick Martel has so far held off the likes of Nick Bockwinkel, Larry Zbyszko, Baron Von Raschke, Curt Hennig and Bob Backlund.

spends the hours away from wrestling lending his considerable energies to the cause of those afflicted with muscular dystrophy, while Fred is frequently glimpsed on our favorite TV

Paul Orndorff has reformed and is currently crusading against rulebreakers.





King Kong Bundy thought he wanted a showdown with Andre The Giant. By now, this New Jersey colossus may be licking some king-sized wounds.

programs and in the ritzier night spots around town.

If you'd like to catch sight of a star on the rise, make it your business to get out and see Lanny Poffo in action. This young man is superb.

Newly returned to "Titan" is wrestling's very own "WIMP" Iron Mike Sharp, who's sure to be making the top slot on everyone's most-hated list any day now.

Speaking of which: Terry Funk, Randy Savage, "Hot Rod" Piper, Cowboy Bob, Magnificent Don, Greg Valentine, Brutus Beefcake, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, Johnny Valiant, and The Missing Link are the men you folks most love to hate.

On the opposite side of that coin comes the rough and ready clan out of the Kentucky highlands—Hillbilly Jim, Uncle Elmer and now Cousin Junior—who seem to have made a pretty clean job of capturing the hearts of wrestling fans everywhere. Also among the most popular are Hulk Hogan, Paul Orndorff, Junkyard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, Tito Santana, Lanny Poffo, and The Captain.

Hats off to the unlikely duet of Gorilla Monsoon and Jesse "The Body" Ventura. Both lay claim to keen insight, high intelligence and the fastest wits around, all set to sparkling by passionately opposing personal philosophies, which constantly provide viewers of "Titan's" televised events with the most marvelous commentary on the air. Great going, gentlemen!

Jimmy Snuka, you are missed.

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Dusty Rhodes promises to make a comeback soon, while Sgt. Slaughter says he wants to settle a few grudges before any more talk of titles.

King Kong Bundy promises that he can and soon will have Andre flying through the air in total helplessness.



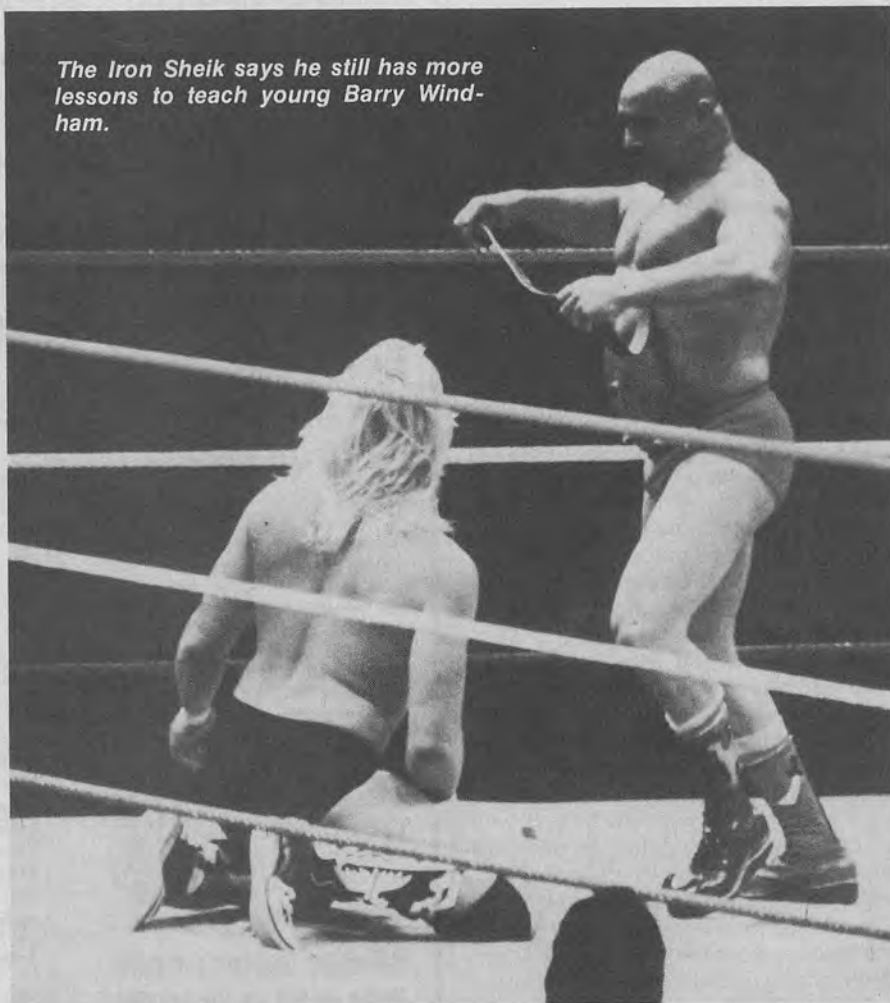
THE NATIONAL WRESTLING ASSOCIATION: Except for an occasional upset here and there, Ric Flair remains secure in his reign as this territory's Heavyweight title holder, waging aggressively classic battles that not only back up but override his arrogant strut.

Believe it: This is a wrestler's wrestler, of whom even Harley Race was heard to declare, "He's the toughest opponent I've ever faced."...quite a tribute when you consider that it's coming from the man who held the N.W.A. World's title a record-breaking seven times and has faced a lifetime's worth of the greatest contenders.

Flair, who never lacks formidable competition on his own turf, first takes down all home-grown adversaries and can then be seen in other promotions looking up any who ask for a shot at this Champ and the crown that's been his for so long.

In recent times, Ric has been a frequent visitor in A.W.A. arenas, attempting to take the measure of that promotion's current Champ Rick Martel, thereby breaking some records of his own in becoming the first ever to hold these two belts simultaneously. Their every confrontation is spectacular, with each brave man in the ring equalling the meticulous class and endless capabilities of his opponent, defying all official attempts to confer a

The Iron Sheik says he still has more lessons to teach young Barry Windham.



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Yes, now, with the GAIN Plan to help, it's so easy, so pleasant to add pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh... so full-filling to feel better, stronger, more vital and alive! But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself at our risk!

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We honestly believe the GAIN Plan to be the finest and most effective product of its type sold anywhere in the world today, and to prove our confidence, we are backing that statement up with this honest, straightforward offer...

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send for the GAIN Plan today. Try it for 7 days entirely at our risk. If, at the end of 7 days, you haven't started to gain pounds and inches and to look better and to feel better... If you aren't convinced the GAIN Plan is a safe, pleasant, way to gain weight, don't keep it! Return the empty bottle and get your money back immediately, no questions asked!

VITAL NOTE

A current issue of a famous medical journal reports on a recent government controlled study. This study, conducted over a 24 year period on 5,000 underweight and overweight men and women, proves that being underweight is as injurious to health and longevity as being overweight.

own home at our risk. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't started to see substantial weight gain within 7 days, and if you don't feel better and look better as a result, or, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, PAY NOTHING! It's just as simple as that.

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On the other hand, if it doesn't work the way you expected, it costs you nothing, and at least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense.

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Fan's Speak

Justice For Sgt. Slaughter

Dear Championship Wrestling,

Your August issue was a great one. But there was one thing wrong. In the Official Ratings you didn't put Sgt. Slaughter in the 5 most popular. He is much more popular than Tito Santana and Bob Backlund. Please fix this next time.

Sincerely,
Pat Lavery
Philadelphia, PA

Editor's Note:

Sorry, the good Sergeant was just edged out last time, as he was again this go round. Maybe next issue!

Manager's Interference

Dear Championship Wrestling,

I think it really stinks when a woman or any other outsider comes in and interferes with a match. It's not really fair to the other opponent. It doesn't bother me when their managers are there and cheering them as long as they don't hit the opponent or put a loaded elbow pad on their wrestler. It could change the outcome of the match and cause some wrestlers their belts if the referee doesn't see what really happens. Look what happened when Valentine-Beefcake stole the belts of Windham-Rotundo, with Johnny Valiant's help!

I think that the referees in the NWA and WWF are really awful. They don't even see half the illegal stuff that these rulebreakers do. It really is terrible when a wrestler falls out of the ring and the other guy's manager kicks and beats them while the nitwit referee doesn't do a darn thing about it! I don't know why, but that really makes me angry.

By the way, "I Hate To Fight Women" was a great article. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Jennifer Smith
Pittsburg, PA

Women & Wrestling

Dear Championship Wrestling,

I feel that anytime a wrestler wins a match due to outside interference the decision should be reversed. If I were a wrestler, I couldn't live with myself knowing I beat my opponent without



beating him heads up—fair and square. That's how I feel.

As for these women managers, I hate their devious ways. They love to start trouble but, as soon as they get into trouble with their big mouths, then they're always begging for mercy. I swear I would punch Tully Blanchard's "Baby Doll" if I had the chance. I just wish she would slap me to give me the perfect excuse I need to sock it to her.

I want to heartily congratulate Randy Savage for taking Miss Linda, Adrian Street's valet, and pile-driving her head into the mat some time ago. I hope that knocked some sense into her empty skull.

Here in Las Vegas I attended our very first "Pro Wrestling USA" card this past December and one of the feature matches pitted Rick Martel against none other than Jim Garvin who was assisted by his valet "Precious" who during the match gave Garvin a foreign object outside the ring which Garvin used to knock out Martel. Referee Bob Warren counted Martel out but when he spotted Garvin returning the object to Precious he immediately reversed the decision.

If women like Precious are good for nothing else but cheating as managers, then wrestling doesn't need them. Cyndi Lauper may know a thing or two about wrestling since Lou Albano is her real father. However, I think she should stick to music since it's less dangerous. All women managers should realize the danger involved in possibly getting pounded by some big brute. However, most of them deserve it. In conclusion a true lady, who is a real lady through and through, should never go over her head trying to prove her worth. But if they insist on getting involved in something as brutal as professional wrestling, then they better prepare themselves for the worst. When the worst does happen, then I don't want to hear their crying and complaining about "mistreatment to a lady."

Sincerely,
"Hacksaw" Aaron
Las Vegas, NV

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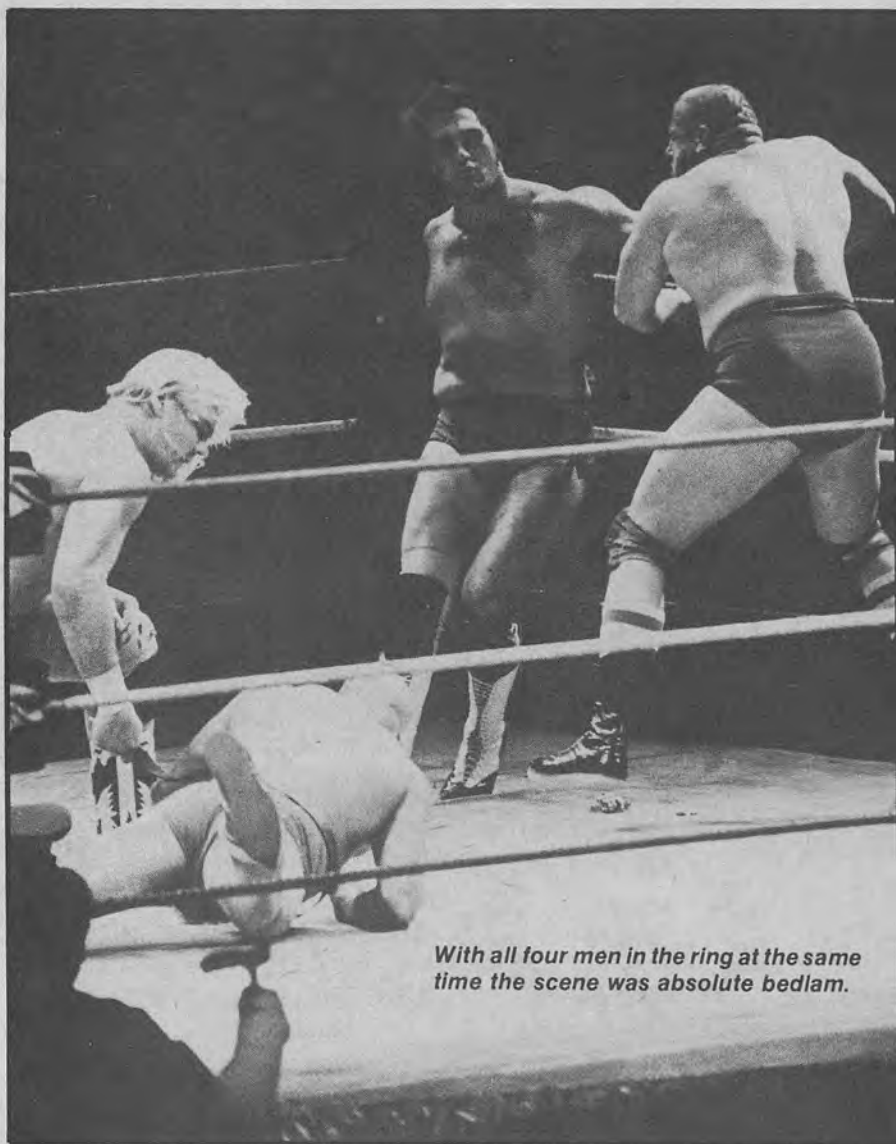
By Mighty Mike Kimmel

One of the most heated feuds in pro wrestling today is currently being waged between the two top rated tag teams in the World Wrestling Federation. The extremely popular young team of Mike Rotundo and Barry Windham has demonstrated maturity and professionalism far beyond its years by meeting head-on the diabolical duo of Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik. Meetings between these two outstanding tag team tandems have proven alarmingly inconclusive, showing them to be quite evenly matched.

Each team has held the prestigious WWF world tag team title belts and each boasts one decisive championship victory over the other. That is, Volkoff and the Sheik stripped the tag title from the self styled "American Express" at the WWF's much publicized "Wrestlemania" event on March 31. What goes around comes around, it seems, and the Rotundo-Windham combination relieved the foreign invaders of those selfsame tag championship belts before a nationwide television audience several months later.

The feud is a natural one, incited and ignited by the opposing nationalistic sentiments represented by both teams. Nikolai Volkoff, a veteran WWF campaigner who spent years trying to win the Federation's heavyweight title from the great Bruno Sammartino, hails from the Soviet Union. The savage Russian denounces the United States at every opportunity, pronouncing its athletes weak and gutless. He has instigated audience unrest and violence by regularly singing the Russian national anthem before each scheduled bout.

Similarly, the Iron Sheik, who possesses an outstanding freestyle and Greco-Roman amateur grappling background, is well known for his



With all four men in the ring at the same time the scene was absolute bedlam.

anti-American warmongering. The Shiek is proud of his Iranian heritage and first stepped boldly into the WWF spotlight during the infamous Iranian hostage crisis of 1980 (at which time he was known as the Great Hussein Arab). In the single most controversial heavyweight world title bout since the Buddy Rogers-Lou Thesz fiasco of January 24, 1963, the maniacal Middle Eastern matman manipulated the WWF belt away from then titlist Bob Backlund on December 26, 1983. Immediately thereafter, the Iron Shiek (along with manager Fred Blassie) strove to escalate this seeming victory into a political issue, thus securing the everlasting animosity of WWF fans.

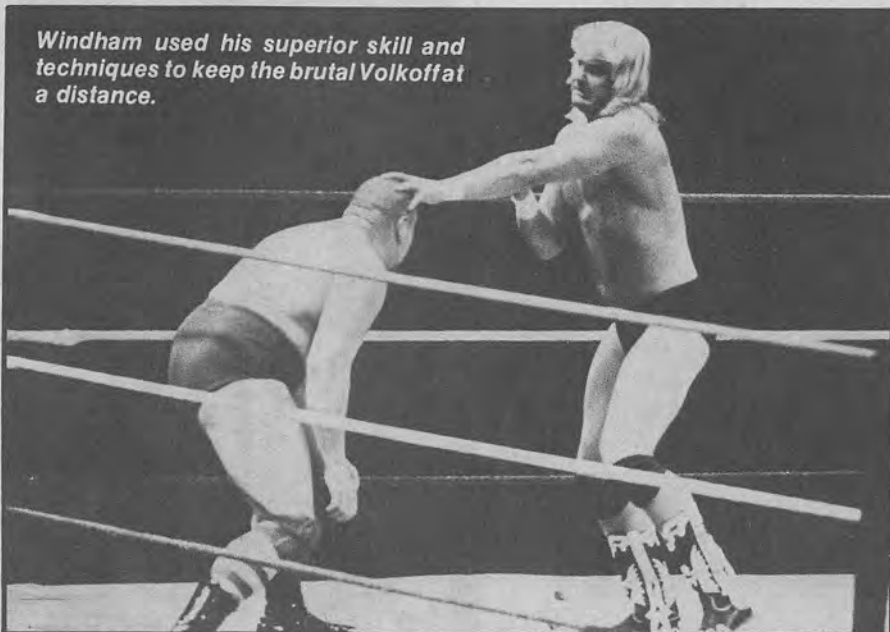
In contrast, longtime partners Mike Rotundo and Barry Windham have tried to fill the patriotic vacuum created in the WWF by the departure of Sgt. Slaughter. The "American Express" has taken to wearing red, white, and blue U.S.A. emblazoned ring jackets and enter arenas to the

The savage Russian Nikolai Volkoff denounces the United States at every opportunity, pronouncing its athletes weak and gutless.

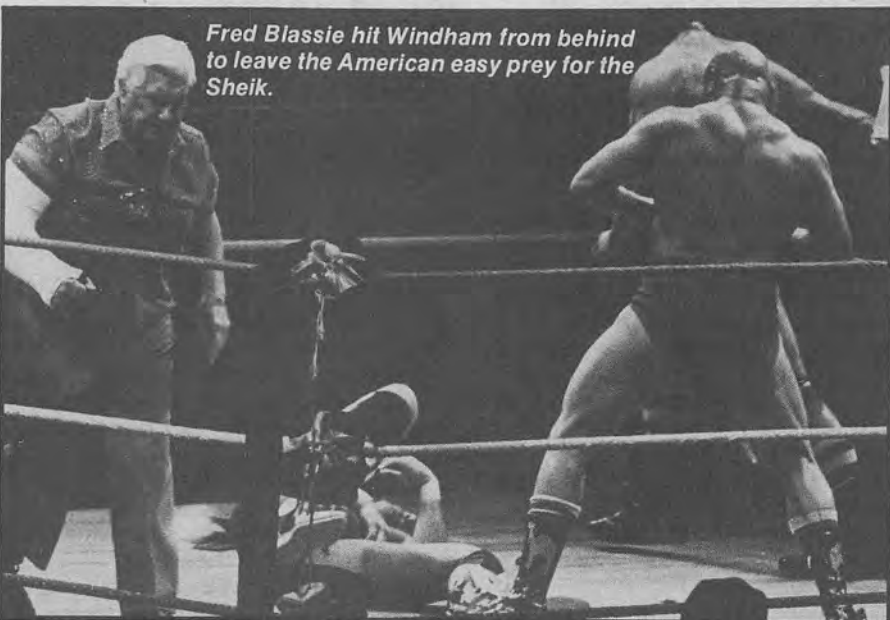
blaring strains of hot rocker Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A." hit song. Furthermore, Rotundo, a Syracuse University standout, and the Texas born Windham have had considerable experience in intercollegiate football, a distinctly American sport. They have captured the heart and imagination of professional wrestling's younger set with their patriotism, youthful exuberance, and charisma, developing into the WWF's premiere teeny-bopper heart throbs.

Throughout most of 1985, the two teams have waged all-out warfare in WWF rings. Ever since Rotundo and Windham first gained the title, in fact, from Adrian Adonis and Dick Murdoch, the Russian and Iranian have been the two men consistently providing the most ferocious challenge to their continued championship reign. Ironically, it was the "American Express" that first drew the battle lines, initiating the long running conflict which many wrestling experts and insiders feel has outgrown all reasonable Federation control.

Windham used his superior skill and techniques to keep the brutal Volkoff at a distance.



Fred Blassie hit Windham from behind to leave the American easy prey for the Sheik.





Indeed, it was Rotundo and Windham who, just after capturing the tag belts, expressed their disapproval of the foreign duo's tactics and professional demeanor. During Nikolai Volkoff's traditional singing of the Russian anthem prior to a televised match, the spanking new champions burst upon the scene and paraded around the outskirts of the ring, proudly carrying American flags. Perhaps Mike and Barry believed it their own responsibility to assure themselves of top flight future competition so as to insure continued critical acclaim from the fans. In any case, the plan succeeded probably beyond their wildest dreams. The stage was thus set for a fast and furious call to arms.

The Iron Sheik is proud of his Iranian heritage and received a lot of attention during the infamous Iranian hostage crisis of 1980.

Alas, the gutsy and dynamic young fighting unit, led now by a reformed Captain Lou Albano, was to have one of the shortest title reigns in WWF history. Scant months after upending the Adonis-Murdoch "North-South Connection," Mike Rotundo and Barry Windham were brutally beaten by Fred Blassie's foreign terrors. The much touted WWF "Wrestlemania" event proved a disappointing Waterloo for the two young wrestlers. While they had held their own and matched forces with Volkoff and the Iron Sheik throughout countless previous title defenses nationwide, inexperience and the inattentiveness



of manager Lou Albano proved the undoing of Rotundo and Windham on the biggest money making card in pro wrestling history.

With powerful Nikolai Volkoff in the ring against Barry Windham, Mike Rotundo entered the fray illegally to combat the Iron Sheik and Fred Blassie's threatened intervention. While the Wrestlemania referee was engaged in ushering the raging Rotundo back to his corner post, Fred Blassie passed his ever present walking stick to his Iranian henchman, who promptly broke it in two across the back of Windham's skull. Barry was knocked out cold and pinned. Captain Lou Albano's ringside presence on behalf of the "American Express" should have prevented this blatant illegality from taking place. Albano, himself a longtime practitioner of far greater atrocities in his familiar tag title pursuit, cannot be excused or forgiven for allowing Fred Blassie to engineer Rotundo and Windham out of their championship belts in such a manner.

Nevertheless, Mike and Barry made clear their intent to regain their standing as kingpins of the WWF tag team scene. During a televised non-

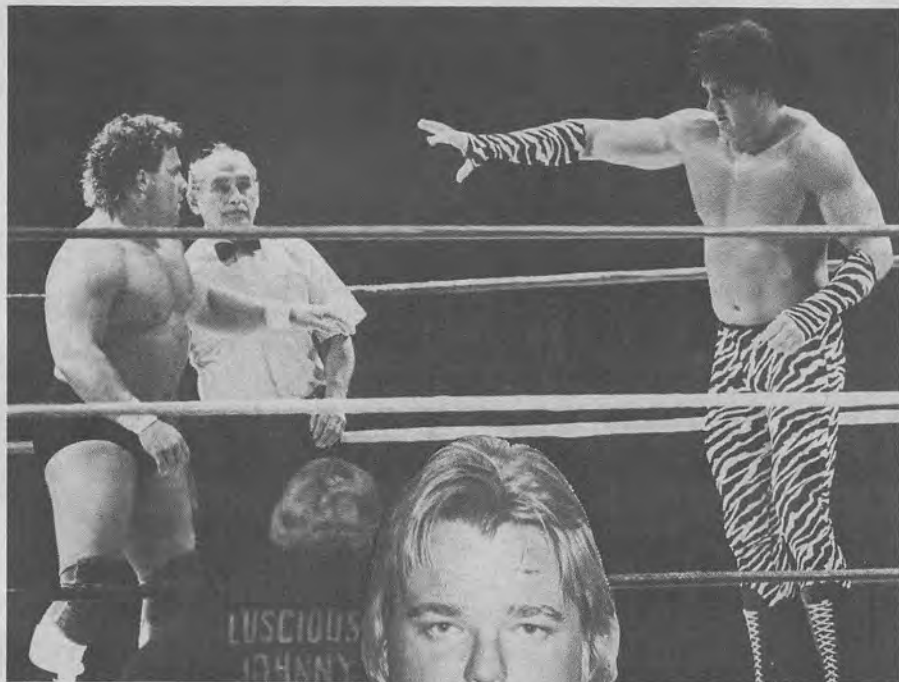
title Volkoff/Sheik tag team bout, the ex-champs put the wrestling world on notice most dramatically. During Nikolai's resonant rendition of the Soviet anthem, the young tandem secretly entered the ring and switched placed with the tag team champions' intended victims. When Volkoff finished his song and turned to face his foemen, he (along with the equally astonished Iron Sheik and Fred Blassie) was faced with Rotundo and Windham instead! After much confusion and milling about, the ring area was finally cleared and the regularly scheduled Volkoff/Sheik pulverization of a pair of lesser name grapplers took place.

This incident was followed in the weeks and months to come by a

Mike Rotundo and Barry Windham have filled the patriotic vacuum created by the departure of Sgt. Slaughter.

seemingly endless series of non-title bouts and inconclusive title matchups. Similarly, many individual contests were held, splitting up both tag teams. Generally, Mike Rotundo would go up against the Iron Sheik, while Barry Windham would take on mammoth Nikolai Volkoff one on one in these matches. Unfortunately, most all confrontations involving these four men demonstrated nothing except the fact that the American and foreign teams thoroughly despised one another and that the battle could conceivably rage on for years undecided. Furthermore, these contests were not exactly clean, sportsmanlike exhibitions. Except for scattered moments of truly dazzling scientific grappling about between Rotundo and the Iron Sheik, all four men seemed content to throw the rulebook out the window and batter each other senseless.

Eventually, a turning point occurred and the "American Express" managed by Albano was given a highly visible televised title bout against Fred Blassie's foreign terrors. The match featured the usual strategies employed by both teams throughout their feuding, as neither team had altered its style or tactics substantially. Both teams continued to break rules. The Iron Sheik started the action for his team as usual, as did Mike Rotundo. Barry Windham entered the fray as always with a flying elbow smash from the top rope



Valentine and Beefcake shocked the wrestling world by stealing the title from Windham-Rotundo.



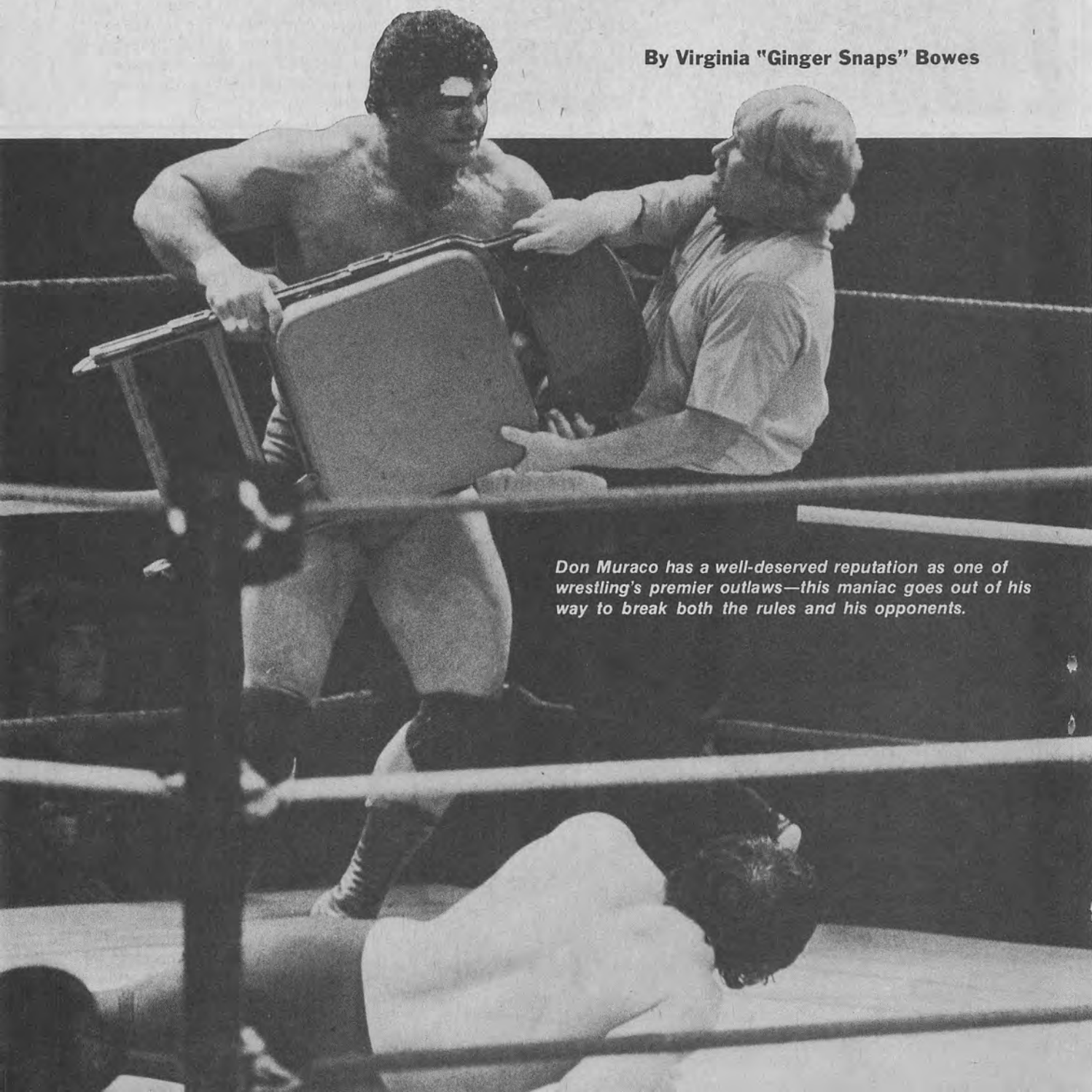
delivered to an opponent held immobile by partner Mike. Any pinning combinations attempted were instantly broken up by the pinned man's partner. During a refreshing bit of scientific dueling between Rotundo and the Shiek, Mike wrapped up the Iranian powerhouse with an inside cradle (commonly termed "the small package"), pinning his brawny shoulders to the mat while holding his head and legs secure. Volkoff stepped in and reversed the positioning of the enwrapped foemen so that Rotundo's shoulders, rather than the Iron Shiek's, were down. As the referee ushered Nikolai back outside the ring, however, Windham entered and switched the two men back to their original orientation. The Iron Shiek was pinned down for the three count, and the WWF tag team title once again belonged to the popular fan favorites.

Captain Lou Albano cannot be excused for allowing Fred Blassie to engineer Rotundo and Windham out of their championship belts.

While Rotundo and Windham have thus far maintained their hold on the belts, they may find it necessary to incorporate newer strategies into their repertoire so as to confuse and disorient future title challengers. Any wrestler who allows his ring style to become a matter of unaltered public record is likely to be upset by a fresh new competitor who has unearthed a flaw or weakness in that man. Specifically, Barry Windham must learn to rely less upon his brawling tactics and more upon pure wrestling. Though he has shown evidence of scientific proficiency and a very speedy and effective sunset flip, he clearly lacks Rotundo's tremendous amateur grappling background. With outstanding scientifically oriented mat aces like the Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith (the British Bulldogs), B. Brian Blair and Jumping Jim Brunzell (the Killer Bees), Leaping Lanny Poffo, Randy "Macho Man" Savage, and Les Thornton currently invading the highly competitive WWF, Windham must develop the skills necessary to keep pace with Mike Rotundo so as not to relinquish the tag title once again before a reasonable time has elapsed.

DON MURACO **Is He The** **Magnificent One--** ***OR JUST ANOTHER BEACH BUM?***

By Virginia "Ginger Snaps" Bowes



Don Muraco has a well-deserved reputation as one of wrestling's premier outlaws—this maniac goes out of his way to break both the rules and his opponents.

Our presence was requested—no, demanded!—at the estate of Mr. Fuji where we'd be given news of so monumental an event, the entire world of wrestling would take to shivering in its collective boots.

At least that's the way Fuji told it.

We were understandably anxious to know just what was now being sent down the pike from those same wonderful people who had brought us World War II. So, at the appointed hour, we made our way past the stone-faced barricade and up the mile-long drive that fed into the show-offy entrance to Fuji's pagada-cum-chintz mansion. A few might have acclaimed this a grand home while other, more thoughtful folk would have figured it for something straight off the video for "Church Of The Poisoned Minds".

At the door, we were offered puny greetings by the strangest looking woman. Though obviously unhappy at

way of a few bonsai trees, all regimented into precise little rows, a half dozen or so grey rocks and grass that had been cropped so close to the cold ground, you wondered if it was the real thing.

Then, trotting into our midst came Mr. Fuji.

Done up in his over-starched shirt, a tuxedo with tails and a black bowler hat that sat exactly in the center of his flat head, the man from Japan was a scene unto himself. In fact, were Fuji a question on a multiple-choice quiz, one would be hard-put at deciding if he was supposed to be:

A) a busboy in a third-rate take-out kitchen,

B) the head bouncer in a waterfront geisha palace,

C) a perverted penguin, or

D) none of the above.

The correct answer would be "D) none of the above".



Muraco's master plan of world conquest has been frustrated lately by Ricky Steamboat.



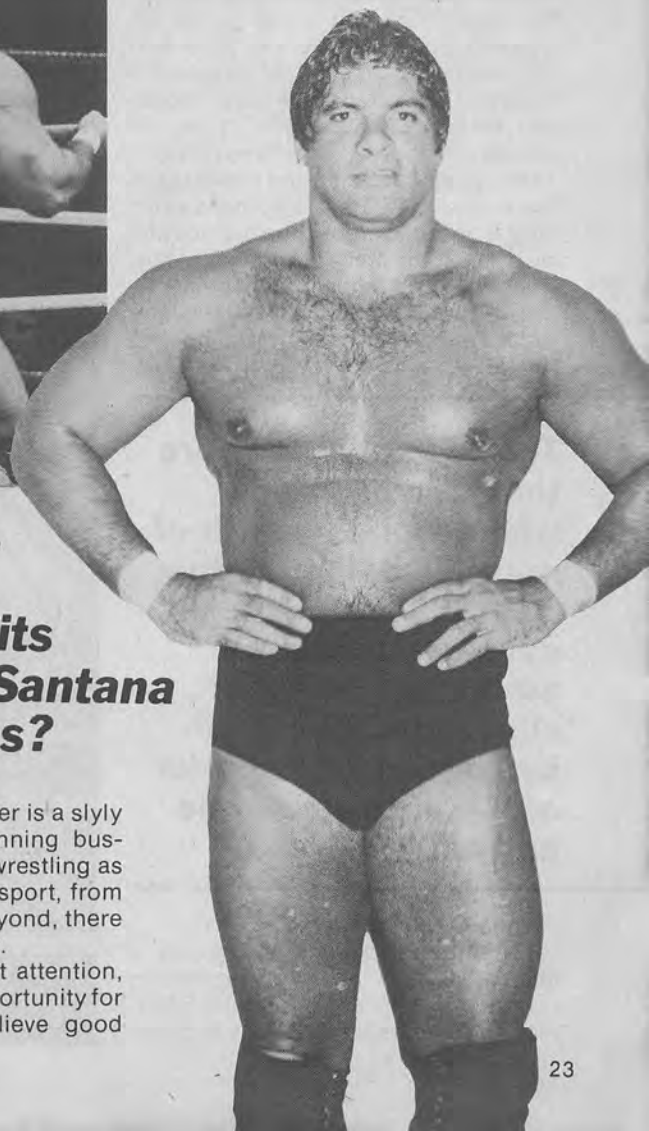
Backed by the evil cunning of Mr. Fuji, Muraco threatens to return wrestling to its "Day Of Infamy", its "Age Of Magnificence". Can Tito Santana or Hulk Hogan stop these maniacs?

our presence, she directed us to a back garden anyway where The Great Announcement was to be forthcoming.

Here no fragrant bouquets of wild flowers, abundant boughs of untamed foliage, nor even the chirp of tiny woodland creatures dared intrude. What feeble passes had been made at relieving the endless flat lands came by

In truth, this Fuji character is a slyly brilliant, treacherously cunning businessman. He has chosen wrestling as his profession, and of our sport, from both inside the ring and beyond, there is nothing he doesn't know.

With his audience in rapt attention, Fuji took this as a prime opportunity for taking all those make-believe good





manners of his out for an airing. He bowed so often and so low, it seemed he just might break right across the middle.—No such luck!—The Japanese recovered sufficiently to fix one and all with that evil, ever-present smile of his—a smile as cold and cheerless as the man who wears it, that looks as if a sick animal had crept upon his face and died in just the place his lips should be. The Oriental's eyes were constantly drawn curtains... all the better to hide a great big bag of sneaky tricks behind, my dear.

The face and body are that of a bronzed island-idol. A wealth of muscles define all the right places, while his eyes are a dreamy melt of the darkest chocolate, iced down by curious cold sparks of ill-will towards one and all!

Then Mr. Fuji began to speak.

It's amazing to think it was only a little while back when he'd arrived in our country, knowing no English. Now, just a few years later, he has brought

Muraco must first deal with Steamboat's challenge before going on with his grand scheme.

his command of our language up to where it may be called atrocious. If for only that reason, steps should be taken to have the man deported.

In a speech that limped along on broken sentences and fractured phrases, Japan's answer to Howard

Cosell just barely made it to the so-called high point of the meeting.

"Attention, most honored guests," was what the alien must have been trying to say, while his arms flapped madly about with the exertion just this short speech had cost, making him look more than ever like a penguin-gone-cuckoo.

Then, with a lingering leer and final bow, he at last brought his act to where he'd been leading us all along.

"I wish to introduce to you the man who will be the first ever to possess both the Inter-Continental and World's Heavyweight Championship titles at the same time," was how Fuji broke the news.

Delaying his stagy entrance long enough to build an effect that never came, but finally shambling out anyway came none other than The Magnificent Don Muraco.

Well, Sir and Ma'am, they've really gone and done it this time: Forty years ago we gave Japan the A-bomb. It may have taken them four decades to get even but, in having one of their own guide Muraco so far up into the world of civilized sports that he must be considered a serious contender for whichever title he cares to go after, they should figure that old score now settled in full.

Sashaying the length of the garden presumably to give all present a chance to gape with wonder upon the specimen that so unselfconsciously calls itself "Magnificent", Muraco then coolly ambled back to the side of his manager

While Muraco is more muscular than Steamboat, Steamboat is faster and has a more polished technique.



and mentor Mr. Fuji.—Talk about your slippery people!

Obscured only by mirrored sunglasses and shorts cut far up on his tanned thighs, the view was quite spectacular.

The face and body are that of a bronzed island-idol. A wealth of muscles define all the right places, while his eyes are a dreamy melt of the darkest chocolate, iced down by curious cold sparks of ill-will towards all.

Deeply intelligent, wildly talented and as handsome as they come, Muraco could and would be perfect...but for that muddy sneer that hangs all over his countenance like a layer of pig manure.

"But why?", is the question which must be asked. When he's been blessed with just so much in the way of God-given abilities and other, more worldly gifts, why is Don a man so completely hooked on feeble-minded, soul-corrupting violence and self-defeating, stupid conceit?

Could this be the result of a deprived childhood?...some congenital and hideous defect in his emotional make-up?...or maybe an unfortunate habit of wearing his undies too tight?

Whatever; on that day, this overblown beach bum strutted before us

like some sort of twisted tin god.

So full of himself was he—but, then, Muraco is so full of a great many things—he actually believed that only because Fuji had said it was to be so. The Magnificent One would (and just that easily!) become our very own Champ of champions.

Deeply intelligent, wildly talented and as handsome as they come, Muraco could and would be perfect...but for that muddy sneer that hangs all over his countenance like a layer of pig manure.

Posed there, diddling his ego in front of himself like someone who, in fact, had already copped no less than two of the most prestigious titles on earth, he waited for the congratulations he so

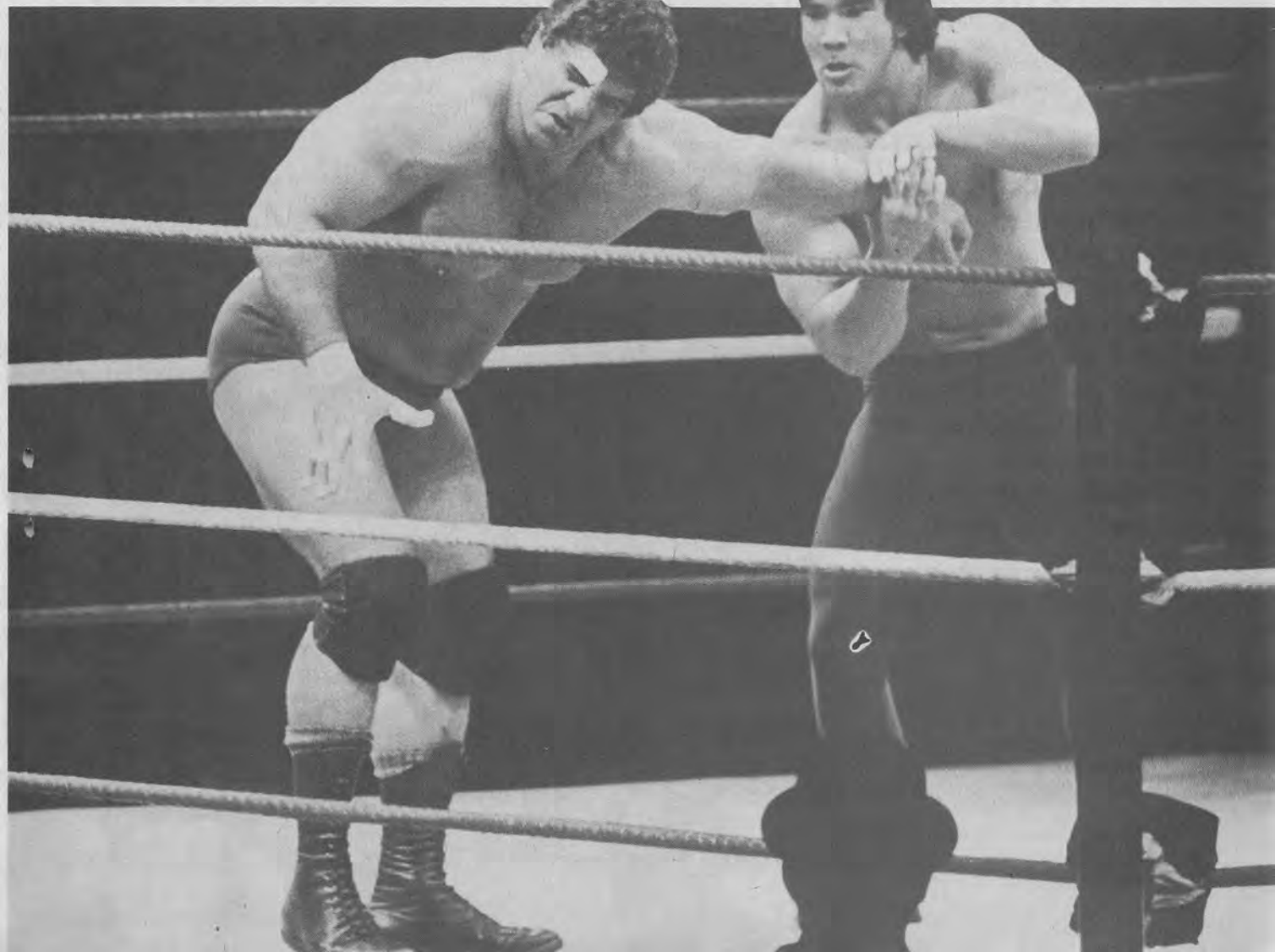
obviously thought belonged to him. This turned out to be a very long wait, indeed.

The lack of response, however, did nothing to put a lid on the tidal wave of self-adoration Mr. Muraco constantly carries around with himself and tosses into the faces of all he meets like an especially stinky pair of socks.—On the contrary.—And anyone forced to listen to the endless brayings of this jackass who sees himself as not only a legend of the ring, but a soap star to boot, had to be grabbed at the gut with a yearning to smash him square in the face. What a pleasure it would have been to wipe that spoiled mug of his clean of its dirty smirk and, while at it, remind him of his early, vastly humbler beginnings.

Mr. Muraco was born in Sunset Beach Hawaii. He was an only child but, after having whelped Don, it's small wonder his parents chose to have no others.

He won a full scholarship to college, where he studied marine biology. His fine mind quickly put him at the very top of all his classes, and his future seemed set.

The fans love it when Steamboat makes Muraco cry like a baby.





But then, with just months to go before receiving his degree, Muraco was unceremoniously sent packing. Even now, officials at that world-renowned university refuse to discuss the particulars leading to his expulsion. However, to this day persist certain blood-curdling stories concerning the wanton torture of baby porpoises. If the many whispered accounts are even a little bit true, Jaws has nothing over Don Muraco.

Anyone forced to listen to the endless brayings of this jackass, who sees himself as not only a legend of the ring but a soap star to boot, had to be grabbed at the gut with a yearning to smash him square in the face.

The Magnificent One then returned to the golden sands of Sunset Beach. There, by day he surfed and earned beer money trading off his good looks among the rich female tourists, while he passed the sultry Hawaiian nights under whichever boardwalk happened to be handy...all this making him the "Beach Bum" he now detests being called.

This is where wrestling found him. On the outside chance it might really

Steamboat has become a crowd favorite while Muraco is only good for boos.

matter to anyone reading this, please be advised that Magnificence celebrates its birthday on September 10th. For the information of the horoscope buffs among us, this means he was born under the sign of Virgo—the Virgin.

On that note, it might be better to leave the biography to the historians and/or students of abnormal psychology, and just let the man himself do what he is best at: Don Muraco will now talk all about... Don Muraco.

"Now that I'm back, there are gonna be lots of changes around here," he declared in much the same tone Adolf

Hitler must have used when that earlier tyrant proclaimed, "Today Germany; tomorrow the world."

"By the time I'm through," Don Muraco resumed, "You won't recognize the place." And that, dear reader, is exactly what we are all so afraid will happen.

In that jagged-edged voice of his, Mighty Mouth whined on, "The very first thing I wanna do is take MY Inter-Continental title off that jabbering, wall-eyed spook, Chuchufrito Santana.

"It scuzzes me out no end to know that, right this minute, MY belt is wrapped around the sweating middle of that oiled-up geek... Those people don't take baths, you know: Come Saturday night, they wipe themselves down with the greasy mess that's left over after they eat those disgusting concoctions slopped together by their unwed mothers—the ugly broads with hair on their upper lips and furry armpits to match.

"The thought that MY belt is picking up body odors and who knows what else would be enough to seriously depress a weaker man.

"But I'm not worried. I know I'll be reclaiming the title real soon.... After all, I did it twice before.

"On two earlier occasions when the Inter-Continental Championship was being held by another garlic-breath, I not only took it away from that slob but I sent him right back to the same banana tree he came from, where he's been swilling cheap beer and stealing the hub caps off 1958 Chevrolets ever since.

"Here, just when I thought the arenas would finally be aired of the stink of re-

Steamboat likes to wear Muraco down, then make the big braggart look silly.



fried beans, I see yet another chimpanzee parading around el barrio, wearing MY belt. But, what the heck, since I am a nice guy, I say he might as well enjoy it while he can.—Then, come the night I pin Santana, Mr. Fuji will simply take the belt to one of his friends who can launder the thing and spray it for cockroaches, body lice or odors that might remain, which will put an end to the whole sordid affair.

"Then, after dumping all over Tito the trained chimp, I'll be going after that over-developed, under-evolved albino, Joke Hogan.", Muraco said between snickers—a sick sound having nothing to do with the laughter of a real man, but more like the bleatings of a terminally screwed-up spirit.

"'Joke' is the perfect name for this loser 'cause every time you see him,

Muraco is the first to complain when his opponent gains an advantage and the referee doesn't call "foul."

you gotta laugh: He always acts real jittery like his momma just made him take this big swig of castor oil, only he isn't smart enough to find the bathroom on his lonesome.—'Champion'?—His greatest achievement to date has been in learning to floss his own teeth.

"When I win me those two titles—the I.-C. and the World's Heavyweight—I won't be wearing both those belts around my waist... That'd be just the kind of classlessness you'd expect from a real peasant like, say, an Ivan Putsky... No, what I will do is drape a belt over each shoulder the way a king would wear his royal robes.—'King Don The Magnificent' is who I'll be.—Hey!, that sounds pretty good, if I do say so myself."

"King Don"? Just how grossed-out can one guy get? Besides, can the beach bums of our world really be so well organized that they now require their own king?

Anyway, it was here that Muraco had finally paused, probably awaiting the

eager agreement he thought would be forthcoming. Again, you could have heard a pin drop, as no one said even a single word.

Unbowed but braced by a fresh supply of hot air, King Don continued, "After taking down the two chief Bozos, I'll be looking up all the other charter members of the stumble-bum set. With the arenas once and for all cleaned of the dancing dogs, apes, geeks, freaks, and all the rest of the garbage that's been piling up around here so much lately, wrestling will again be a sport fit for men who walk on their hind legs.

"Once you get past fretting over how badly you're hurting others...when you've really quit caring about anyone but yourself...life becomes like one, gigantic piece of cake that's yours for the taking. And I am a taker!"

"Look, I understand how everybody likes to play at being so 'open-minded' and 'fair'. But c'mon. I know better. In your heart, wouldn't you really rather have me wearing your belts than that big, bleached-out mutant or the spaniel with the jerky accent? I appeal to each and everyone of you."

No he doesn't. Frankly speaking, Don Muraco does not "appeal" to even a single, sane person known to anyone in these parts. But that, of course, leaves lots of wide-open territory.

And yes, his is a personality that seems to sit up and beg to be laughed at.

But, between chuckles, don't ever lose sight of the fact that his wrestling often approaches a ferocious brilliance that's been known to rock spectators clear on down to the quick of the soul.

With Fuji around to show him how it's all done, it could very well happen that his enormous capabilities, piled high atop that frightening lust for bloody brutality, might take him right up to the place where we would have to call him "Champ", "King" or—Heaven help us!—anything else his mania might demand.

As Muraco so deftly put it, "Once you get past fretting over how badly you're hurting others...when you've really quit caring about anyone but yourself...life becomes like one, gigantic piece of cake that's yours for the taking..And I am a taker."



**THE WORLD'S
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP**

KING OF

In a competition for a single, united heavyweight title—which would combine the AWA, NWA, WWF and all other wrestling entities—who would emerge victorious? What's your opinion? (Editor's note: Please, no angry letters from Roddy Piper fans!)

Does Hulk Hogan have what it takes to be number one? Many say no!

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

One of the most difficult recurring questions posed in pro wrestling circles is that of pinpointing one man who may be considered the sport's topmost athlete. Given the vast number of active competitors throughout the country and around the world, the tremendous variations in style amongst them, and the sometimes inconsistent ring results arising from the alarming frequency of competition, that question cannot be answered intelligently until broken down and thoroughly analyzed. The world's heavyweight championship has traditionally been the single title which inspires the greatest interest, conjecture, and controversy among both insiders and fans alike, and so any one man who may become universally heralded as the one true champion would achieve a permanent spot of reverence among pro wrestling's most elite legends.

Although an elimination tournament of champions has long been promised (most recently by the Pro Wrestling USA group), it will never actually become a reality purely for business considerations. The closest we may come to realizing such a spectacle, then, would be an analytical comparison of those wrestlers most likely to theoretically participate. While WWF kingpin Hulk Hogan, NWA champion Ric Flair, and AWA champ Rick Martel would certainly be the most favored men vying for a universal world title, there are a multitude of former champions and top contenders who must be included in a hypothetical elimination tournament for all the marbles. In brief, those men are Bob Backlund, Harley Race, Dory and Terry Funk, Kerry Von Erich, Nick Bockwinkel, Dusty Rhodes, Sgt. Slaughter, Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin, and "Dr. D" David Shultz.

Rick Martel gets points for pure skill and technique.

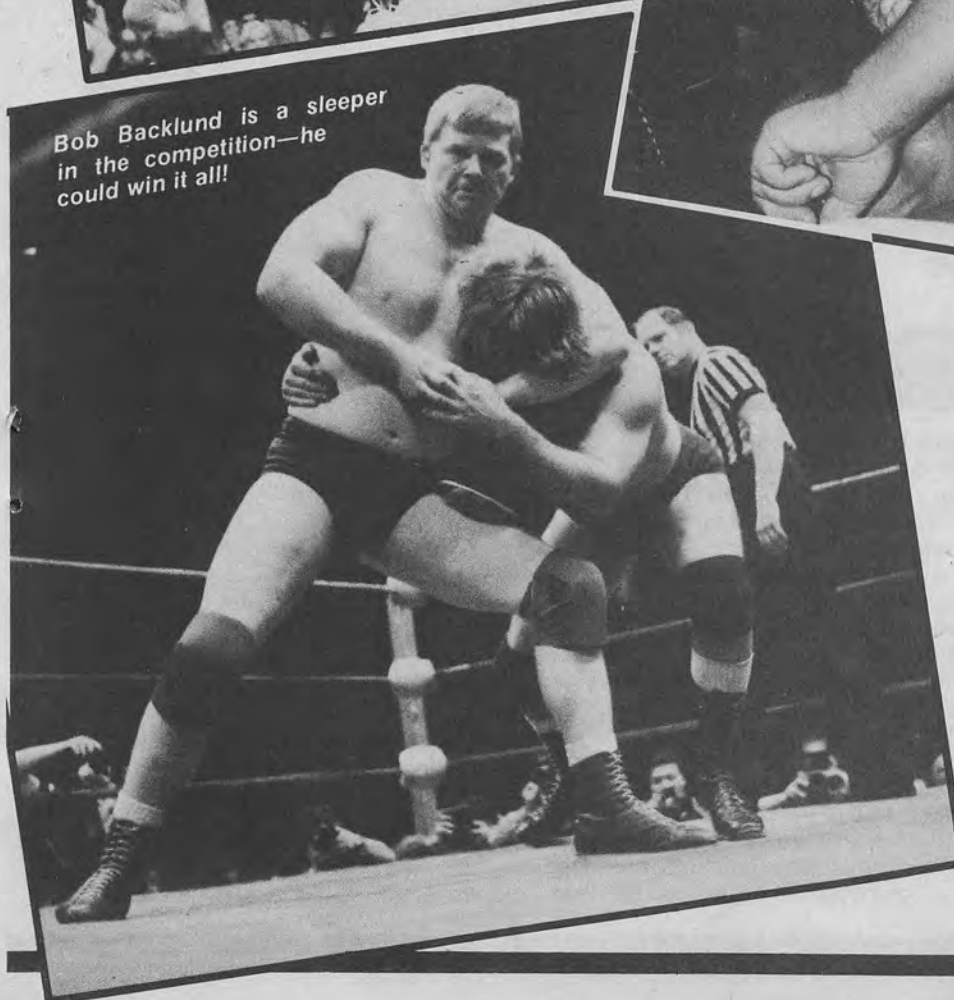
THE MOUNTAIN



Ric Flair scores highest on Fashion Avenue!



Sgt. Slaughter is tops when it comes to pure determination.



Bob Backlund is a sleeper in the competition—he could win it all!

Regarding "the big three," a qualitative analysis based upon cold, hard evidence will reveal irrefutable conclusions. Sad to say, Hulk Hogan would surely be unable to maintain his claim on the world championship laurels outside of the WWF. Hogan is an electrifying performer, possessing unbelievable charisma and genetic potential, but the fact remains that he is not and never has been a polished wrestler. In 1983, he repeatedly proved unable to wrest the AWA belt from the then-titlist Nick Bockwinkel. Prior to that, he was decisively beaten numerous times by Bob Backlund, who then held the WWF championship. Considering these showings, the Hulkster today might also expect some difficulty with Rick Martel and Kerry Von Erich. Furthermore, Hogan's physique tends to fluc-



Sgt. Slaughter's career reached a peak when he recently out-muscled Kamala the Ugandan Giant.

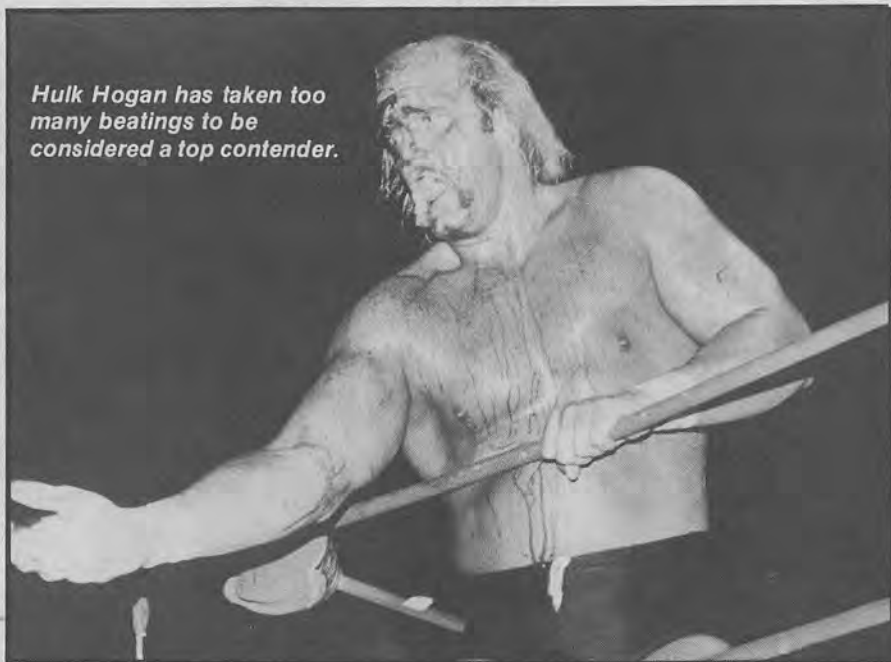


Slaughter used his Marine training to out-brutalize Kamala.

tuates, sometimes blowing up to gargantuan proportions and later shrinking down substantially. This indicates that despite his strong showings in the rough and tumble WWF, Hulk Hogan may not be in the best of health and condition. Together with the knee and shoulder injuries received from David Shultz, and the head injuries received from Antonio Inoki in Japan, this would help a more seasoned scientific grappler eliminate the big man in much the same way a skillful matador outmaneuvers a raging bull.

Although NWA champion Ric Flair is often heralded as "the true world champion" by mat journalists, he has actually been pinned far too many times to be deserving of such an appellation. He has dropped the NWA title to Harley Race, Kerry Von Erich, and Dusty Rhodes (as the masked Midnight Rider), and has been pinned in non title matchups by Magnum Terry Allen and Barry Windham among others. To imply that Flair could defeat either Rick Martel or Bob Backlund via a pinfall or submission, then, is completely ludicrous. Flair's abilities rank him right up there with Harley Race, Billy Robinson, Kerry Von Erich, Nick Bockwinkel, and Terry Funk, and an NWA title bout featuring Ric against any one of these men would be a main event headliner in any arena on earth. Ric and the antagonists just named can consider themselves within the very upper echelon of pro wrestling talent. When it comes to staking out a claim on an overall championship of the world, however, not one of these modern day gladiators could hope to stand alongside eternal grappling legends like

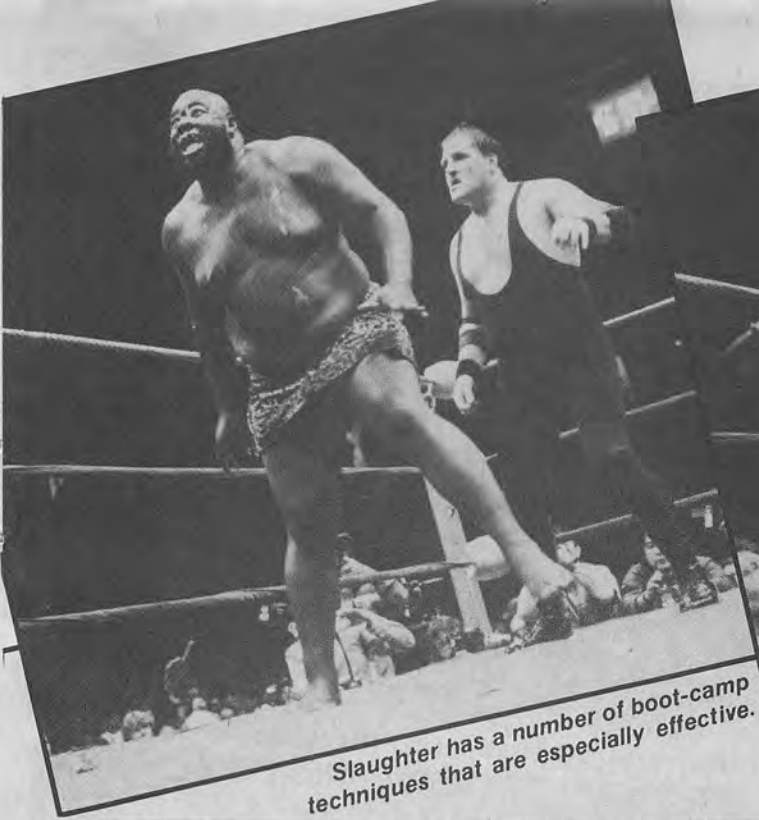
Hulk Hogan has taken too many beatings to be considered a top contender.



George Hackenschmidt, Frank Gotch, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Jim Londos, Lou Thesz, Verne Gagne, and Bruno Sammartino in the annals of history.

AWA champ Rick Martel is probably the most underrated wrestler in active competition today. This gentleman has all the tools necessary to stay on top and, barring any unforeseen injuries, he should successfully defend the AWA world belt for many long years to come. He has been criticized by publicity crazed fans who find his clean cut image and TV interviews unexciting and colorless. While this may be true, as it is true of Bob Backlund, both men are consummate professionals, thor-

oughly schooled in scientific wrestling techniques and superbly conditioned. Martel's physical strength is superior to that of Flair, and may even approach that of the monstrous 6'8", 303 pound Hogan. Rick Martel's conditioning, stamina, and grappling repertoire easily exceed that displayed by either of his two rival federation champions. Rick Martel could thus upend either Hulk Hogan or Ric Flair through virtue of his levelheadedness and winning pinning combinations. At the very least, the AWA king's presence of mind would prevent either the WWF or NWA champ from scoring a legal pinfall on him. Hogan and Flair, unfortunately, have been beaten far too many times to



Slaughter has a number of boot-camp techniques that are especially effective.



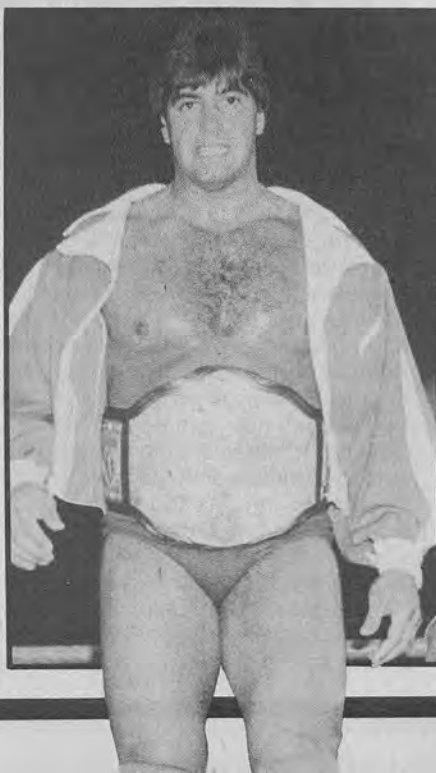
Time and again, Slaughter's punches sent Kamala reeling across the ring.



Rick Martel has many enemies—but none that can get the best of the Canadian strongman.

boast this same caution and professionalism.

Among the plethora of former champions and top contenders for an uncontested world title, the great Bob Backlund stands out most dramatically from the pack and bears a striking tactical and attitudinal resemblance to Martel. Backlund successfully defended the WWF title for 5-1/2 years and never actually lost it as he was never pinned or forced to submit. (For just this reason, we can exclude the Iron Shiek, who presumably dethroned Backlund, from serious consideration in a tournament of world champions.) Backlund's greatest weapons are primarily defensive in nature, and it's practically impossible to imagine any man on earth pinning his shoulders for a three count. A no time limit match between Backlund and Martel could easily be the contest of the decade. On the negative side, Backlund no longer has the great strength he commanded



earlier in his career since eliminating all progressive weight lifting movements from his training regimen. While the conditioning he's thereby achieved is indeed remarkable and effective, Backlund's power was formerly one of his greatest assets and enabled him to fearlessly test the might of Superstar Billy Graham, Professor Toru Tanaka, Olympic strongman Ken Patera, and Hulk Hogan.

AWA champ Rick Martel is probably the most underrated wrestler in active competition today.

Both Nick Bockwinkel and Kerry Von Erich are outstanding scientific battlers capable of pushing an eventual champion of champions to his very furthest limits. Bockwinkel, a longtime AWA champion, has lost none of his far famed endurance with the passing of th years. Objectively speaking, however, he simply cannot match the ring prowess of Martel or Backlund. Since Martel won the AWA belt in May of 1984, Bockwinkel has been unable to score a pinfall or submission to regain his former standing although he has been given ample opportunity to do so by the AWA championship committee. It is more than likely, therefore, that Bockwinkel would be beaten once again by Rick Martel in a tournament of champions. Along the way, however, Nick might just surprise the wrestling com-

munity with a pinfall over NWA champ Ric Flair. It might conceivably be to Bockwinkel's advantage to switch his affiliation from AWA to NWA.

Kerry Von Erich, who briefly held the NWA title, possesses a rare combination of strength, ring knowledge, and conditioning. He has proven his mettle and prodigious physical power time and again against mat monoliths like the One Man Gang and the Ugandan giant Kamala. His much publicized loss to Ric Flair only three weeks after toppling him for the NWA crown, however, indicates that Von Erich, like Hulk Hogan, may be unable to turn back top challengers outside of his home federation (the Texas World Class area). With a bit more seasoning, this could easily change and Von Erich could establish himself as one of the premiere wrestlers in recent history. Meanwhile, a Von Erich-Bockwinkel showdown in the early stages of an elimination tournament might be an excellent test of each man's will to survive and to reign atop the mountain. In order to realize his full potential, Kerry might wish to consider a move to the AWA, where he could gain invaluable experience by matching wits with Bob Backlund, Larry Zbyszko, Billy Robinson, Brad Rheingans, and possibly champion Rick Martel.

Dory Funk, Dusty Rhodes, and Harley Race are all former NWA champions still active and still turning back some of the top men of the day. Funk still possesses his scientific skills and brawling abilities, but has slowed down considerably with age. Rhodes has gained too much weight over the past six years and is really too poor a physical specimen to be a serious threat to a true world champion. Race, though aging, seems somehow to be much the same man he was ten years ago. Unfortunately for Race, as well as Funk and Rhodes, that man cannot long elude the superior scientific skill of a Martel or a Backlund. It is likely, also, that any of these three former champs would fall quickly to defeat at the hands of either Nick Bockwinkel or Kerry Von Erich, as all three have had their share of difficulties of late. Both Race and Rhodes have been bested numerous times in recent months by Ric Flair, further proof of their inability to see a championship tournament through to the end. Dory Funk's recent victory over Carlos Colon proves nothing except that Colon himself should not be included among world championship calibre wrestlers in an elimination tournament.

Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin, who started wrestling at the age of nine, has the scientific skill and positive athletic background necessary to win a world championship belt on any given night. Garvin's important title bouts, how-



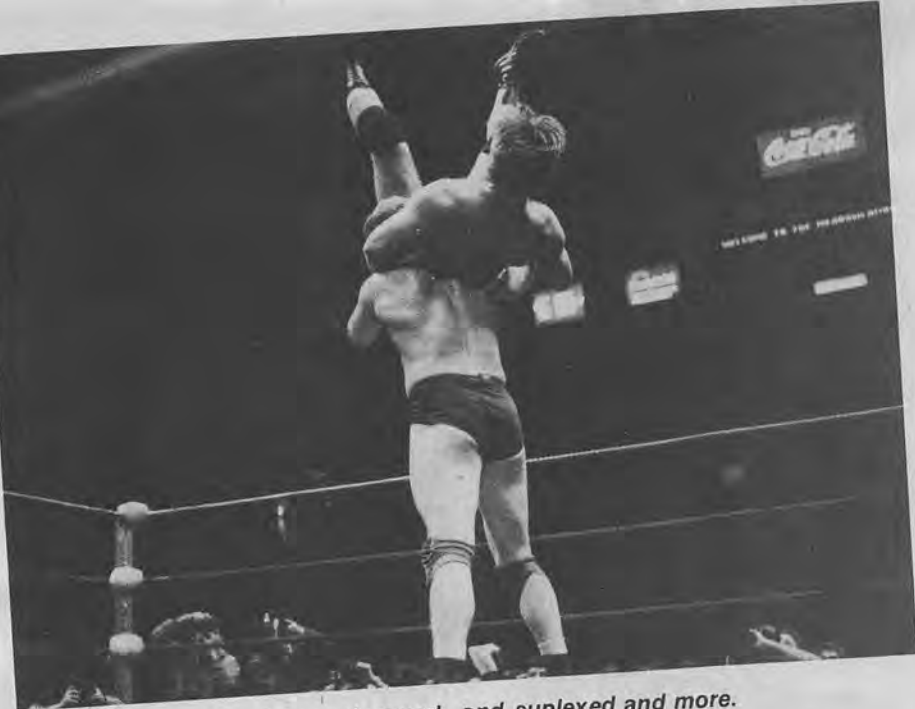
Bob Backlund has always kept himself in top-notch condition.



Backlund can take the abuse of any wrestler.

ever, tend to go completely out of control, particularly when the opponent in question is Rick Martel. Like Bockwinkel, Garvin has repeatedly been unable to steal Martel's thunder and would probably encounter remarkably identical problems if paired against Bob Backlund. Were the AWA belt held by any man except Martel (or Backlund), then Jimmy Garvin might very well have won it long months ago. Despite his injuries and relatively small size (6'0" tall, 228 pounds), Garvin could conceivably take the NWA or WWF title from Flair or Hogan under the proper circumstances. Martel's inclusion in the tournament, however, would insure Garvin's eventual defeat.

Two of the most dangerous men in professional wrestling are Terry Funk and "Dr. D" David Shultz. Both are considered uncontrollable by their fellow wrestlers, as well as promoters. Funk, a former NWA champion, is currently making his presence felt in a big way throughout the extremely crowded and, therefore, competitive WWF. As discussed elsewhere in this magazine, Terry Funk poses the greatest real threat to Hulk Hogan's championship reign and continued well being since the exodus from the WWF of David Shultz. Funk displays great scientific skills and brawling abilities, but tends to leave himself wide open for attack through carelessness. This lack



Backlund has been slammed and suplexed and more.



In the end Backlund can bounce back and wear his opponent down.

of polish and, presumably, tactical mental preparation makes him a ripe target for Sgt. Slaughter's "Slaughter Cannon" finisher or for a quick Martel or Backlund pinning combination. Funk is not to be taken lightly, of course, and could probably eliminate very many of the previously discussed ring greats, undoubtedly causing several injuries along the way. If pitted against either of his longtime foemen Rhodes or Race, the mayhem which might follow could leave both combatants too badly injured to continue. In the end, Terry Funk would find his unorthodox reckless style to be his undoing.

Several notches in notoriety above Funk is "Dr. D" David Schultz. If wrest-

ling matches were held inside closets or alleyways, then Schultz would probably reign undisturbed as the undisputed world heavyweight champion for the next hundred years. Dr. D is big, powerful, fast, extremely vicious, and does not know the meaning of the words "fear" and "retreat." Wrestlers do not want to oppose him, and promoters, matchmakers, and bookers worldwide turn chalk white at the mere mention of his name. He has sent Hulk Hogan to the hospital with severe injuries numerous times. He made burly actor Mr. T, who took the full measure of Roddy Piper and Paul Orndorff at Wrestlemania, back down from him in stark fear not once, but

twice. Schultz was suspended by the New York State Athletic Commission twice within six months. Had he remained in the WWF, it is more than likely that he would have taken the Hulkster's coveted belt and, perhaps, even his life. Even disregarding Dr. D's tremendous raw ability and animal instincts, the psychological advantage which he alone in all the world possesses is enough to stop most wrestlers dead in their tracks. Quite frankly, it is impossible to overestimate the real danger which this man poses in the ring. Any opponent who underestimates Schultz may just leave the arena that night minus an eye, ear, or finger.

Dr. D David Schultz is big, powerful, fast, extremely vicious, and does not know the meaning of the words "fear" and "retreat."

Sgt. Slaughter is probably the most readily adaptable wrestler on earth and, as such, must be given very real consideration towards winning an elimination tournament. The AWA American Heavyweight Champion is nearly as large as Hogan, but also possesses incredible speed and agility, as well as unerring ring intuition. Thus, he has recently been able to meet the 400 pound Ugandan giant Kamala toe to toe and pummel him from pillar to post, while also maintaining the conditioning, speed, and strategic expertise to run circles around the very cagey Larry Zbyszko. Formerly despised by the fans, the popular Sarge readily concedes that his rough housing style has not changed with his newfound acceptance, and that he is still as mean and tough as they come. Slaughter, like Schultz, would be willing to pull out all the stops in a championship tournament and would be extremely dangerous from start to finish. With so much at stake, it is very possible that the only way to eliminate Sgt. Slaughter from the competition would be to kill him.

After long and deliberate consideration, the field of potential champions has been narrowed down to four worthy combatants. Interestingly enough, the foursome lends itself towards being broken down into two distinct and very different pairings of men. First, Rick Martel and Bob Backlund are a pair of wrestlers who could advance towards the final rounds of a championship tournament by virtue of their scientific skill, agility, speed, and ring savvy. Second, Dave Schultz and Sgt. Slaughter could make it to the end



Many critics say Ric Flair is just another pretty-boy and is not a true wrestler, yet Flair keeps on winning.



with their resilience, size, agility, and toughness.

Any further narrowing of the field is left to the individual readers of this magazine, who must use their reasoning and judgement to draw their own conclusions. A Martel-Backlund match, as mentioned earlier, would be the dream scientific bout of the decade. Conversely, a Shultz-Slaughter confrontation could easily be filmed by ABC-TV and presented to a nationwide audience as "The Wide World of Violent Atrocities." While both Shultz and Slaughter know how to wrestle, both have had unpleasant experiences while gunning for world titles and can be expected to be as vicious as humanly possible to the bitter end. Their bout would certainly lack the skill, finesse, and sportsmanship of the Martel-Backlund showdown, but would probably be much more exciting (for those with stomachs strong enough to watch it all the way through).

With so much at stake, it is very possible that the only way to eliminate Sgt. Slaughter from the competition would be to kill him.

At any rate, with the field narrowed down to those four men—Rick Martel, Bob Backlund, "Dr. D" David Shultz, and Sgt. Slaughter—the most interesting way to proceed would be to have the winner of the Martel-Backlund duel go against the winner of the Shultz-Slaughter war. Hopefully, this analysis and objective narrowing of the field will serve to ease the burden on wrestling fans who may currently be grappling with the question of who is the sport's greatest competitor. Readers brave enough to select winners of the Martel-Backlund and Shultz-Slaughter dream matches are invited to send their own conclusions (along with the reasoning behind their choices) to the author at the address given below. Readers dissatisfied with this analysis are likewise invited to respond and speculate upon who might claim the title of undisputed world wrestling champion. If the response and readership interest are great enough, a follow-up story will appear in a future issue of *Championship Wrestling*.

Send replies to:
Mighty Mike Kimmel
Championship Wrestling
1115 Broadway
NY, NY 10010.

AROUND THE MAT

(Continued from page 14)

definite win on either contender. But with both being the classy men and genuine Champions they are, each vows to continue the battle until the war is won, and he has put on the pin or gotten a submission.

Aside from the pride of the A.W.A., Flair is being chased by the full complement of his territory's topmost men in whose number is found Harley Race, of course, followed by Superstar Billy Graham, Bruiser Brody, Wahoo McDaniel, Jimmy "The Boogie Woogie Man" Valiant, Ron Bass, Abdullah The Butcher, Magnum T.A., Krusher Kruschev, Ivan Koloff, Tully Blanchard, and Dusty "The American Dream" Rhodes.

Robert Gibson and Rick Morton's Rock 'n' Roll Express roared all over Ivan Koloff and Krusher Kruschev for the area's Tag title.

Black Bart is the National Champ.

Fans in the beautiful state of Pennsylvania were treated to some pretty exceptional mat action at their annual Allentown Fair: The Midnight Express



Iron Mike Sharp has made the move from the west to east coasts.

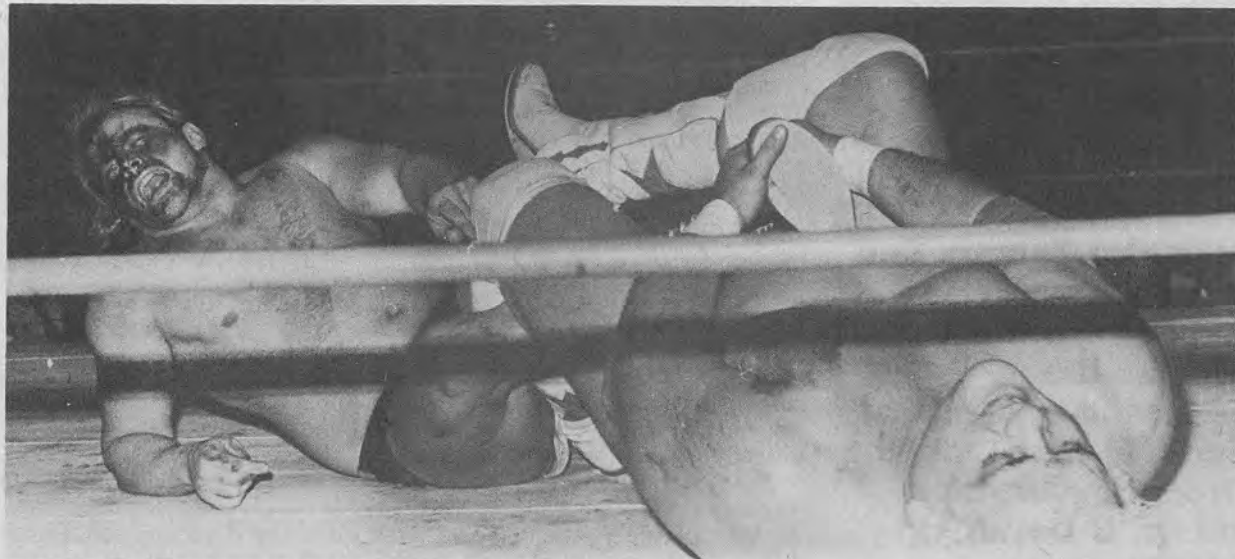
Jesse "The Body" Ventura has been prospering as a wrestling analyst on television broadcasts, providing some of the greatest insights into the mad, mad world of the squared circle.

soundly trounced Buzz Sawyer and The Italian Stallion...Tully Blanchard got over on Terry Taylor by decision in a face-off they carried back to the dressing room...The Barbarian did in Pistol Pez Whatley with an atomic knee-drop off the top rope..."Boogie Woogie Man" Jimmy Valiant defeated Superstar Billy Graham owing to what The Superstar alleges was outside interference perpetrated by manager, Paul Jones...Black Bart out-fancied Terry Taylor and held onto his National

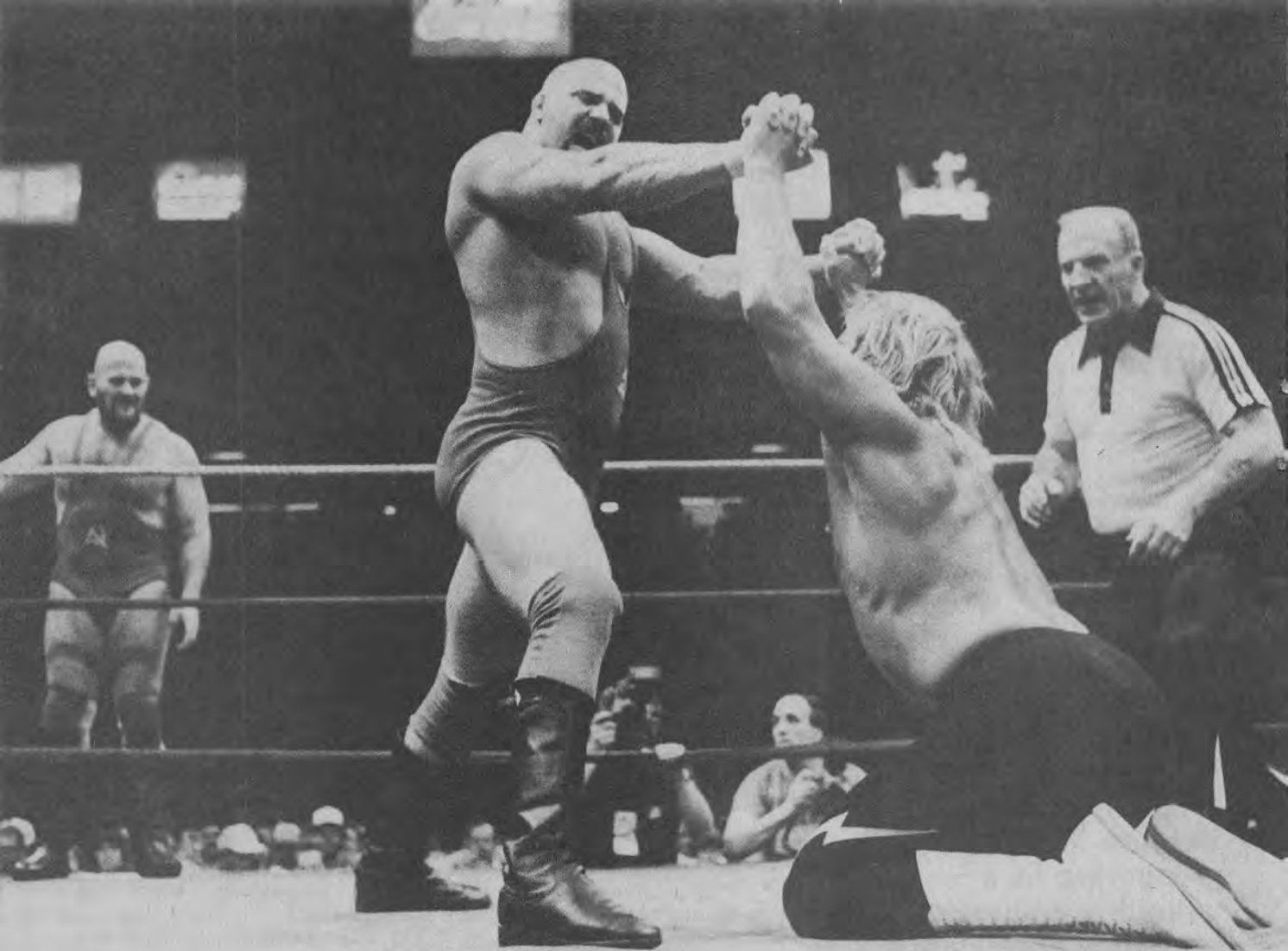
crown by way of a highly questionable decision...Kevin Sullivan rolled over on The Italian Stallion.

THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION: The man on top of the A.W.A. is Rick Martel, the angel-faced Champ who pugnaciously puts his belt on the line to any who are up to the challenge.

This is a real Champ! In the tradition of Flair as well as Bob Backlund—another of that rarest breed of true Champions—Martel refuses to restrict



Satanic Kevin Sullivan is said to be the sister of "Macho Man" Randy Savage's new manager, Miss Elisabeth, who some say practices witchcraft.



his confrontations to those who happen along into his area. This hardnosed scrapper, with maneuvers enough to rival whichever genuine grappling legend you care to name, instead constantly seeks out the best competition his profession has to offer.

While waging the humongus feud with N.W.A. prince Ric Flair, Martel is also keeping his own house in order by way of frequent title bouts with the area's chief contenders.

Right now, Nick Bockwinkle, Larry Zbyszko, Sgt. Slaughter, Bob Back-

lund, Baron Von Raschke, Curt Hennig, Brad Rheingans, and Greg Gagne are the names making this a virtual hotbed of mat mayhem.

Scuzzy—but always "Precious" (at least that's what he tells us)—Paul Ellering manages The Road Warriors who continue to shine on us as Tag Champs (and that is shining they're doing on us, isn't it?).

Undoubtably seduced by the gruesome twosome of Animal and Hawk, the promotion boasts a fresh growth of some really decent team-ups, with The Fabulous Freebirds leading the flock. Also here are the triple-threat team of Nick Bockwinkle and Larry Zbyszko who are managed by Ray "The Crippler" Stevens.—You probably remember Stevens and Bockwinkle when they jointly held the Tag title.—Brothers Wild Bill and Scott "Hog" Irwin have combined forces as The Long Riders. And most notably we have Sgt. Slaughter and his latest recruit Greg Gagne.

Our very best wishes for a speedy recovery go to Tom Zink. The A.W.A. Wrestler Of The Year is in the hospital recouping from a severe head trauma sustained during a match that pitted Zink and Curt Hennig against Zbyszko

and Bockwinkle. Tommy was knocked from the ring and, set upon by Bockwinkle with a lot of help from Stevens, was subjected to a pile-driver off the cement floor. Given the experience of mat rats like Stevens and Bockwinkle—Zbyszko, too—you'd think they could take on a couple of wet-behind-the-ear kids without having to resort to horrendous shows of lousy sportsmanship.—Good luck, Tom.

Light-Heavyweight Champ Steve Regal is being challenged by Buck "Rock 'n' Roll" Zumhoff.

"Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin, accompanied as always by his manager and favorite fancy woman Precious, is back in the good ol' A.W.A. after a short but successful stint 'way up North.

Another shining star on the horizon is Randy Barber.

As always, Sgt. Slaughter is doing proud the country he hails as well as the profession he serves by eagerly chopping down all who would end our American way of life. The Sarge is sure to soon come knocking on the red doors of the area's sudden confabulation of Kremlinites.

Even The Great Spirit In The Sky cannot handle the world without a little

Promoter Tommy Dee has put together a special card which includes the outstanding talents of The Wild Samoans, the Strongbow brothers and Dr. D David Schultz.

The hottest controversy in town—are the Russians too tough for US? Look for Sgt. Slaughter to give Moscow an answer real soon!

Tag team champs The Road Warriors have yet to meet their match but look for the competition to get fiercer when Hawk and Animal confront The Fabulous Freebirds and The Long Riders.

help...that's why He/She created angels and wrestling reporters... So it is that one wrestler—nevermind how good he is—can't carry an entire promotion all by himself.—It's time to come out of your comas, boys, and smell the coffee that's boiling over in your own kitchen.

ALSO WORTH NOTING: Out on the fabled islands of Polynesia, Peter's widow Mrs. Lia Maivia is exhibiting heroics above and beyond in keeping alive the promotion started by her late husband.—Peter would be so proud.

One of our very favorite promoters, Tommy Dee, reports that he's booked the services of such mat luminaries as wrestling's raunchiest family The Wild Samoans, as well as Jay's little brother Jules Strongbow and the now notorious Dr. D. David Shultz.

So happy to hear that Bob Backlund is now making all the right moves where his career is concerned and has just signed up for a tour with Angelo's son, promoter Mario Savoldi.—Bob, to so many of us, you'll always be The Champ.

Mario's promotion, the International World Wrestling Association, is holding some really outstanding events all over the country. Young Mr. Savoldi tells us it is not the purpose of the I.W.W.A. to buck established organizations but simply to bring the fans more of a good thing. He also says he is not looking to affiliate with any of the old guard but instead wants to bring in all of the very best from everywhere—something which, when tied to a parent group, is a big no-no.—You should know that Mario's reputation as a person as well as a promoter is legend. It's therefore a sure bet his cards are more than worth a trip to the arena.

Before rushing off to other parts of this magazine, let's take out a moment or so for some very necessary straight talk: We've come through another long hot summer, the season that traditionally marks the slack period in our sport. Yet, from one promotion to the next, the report is the same: Attendance has never been better, with wrestling playing to constantly packed and frequently sold-out houses all over the nation.

*One thing for sure,
Ric Flair is the undisputed
champion of rulebreakers.*



A MAN AMONG ANIMALS

AWA Champ Rick Martel is a rarity among professional wrestlers to begin with, and, as a long-standing champion, Martel is most unique with his clean-cut, good-guy image.



AWA Champ Rick Martel has proven time and again that it is possible to be civilized and still be a winner.

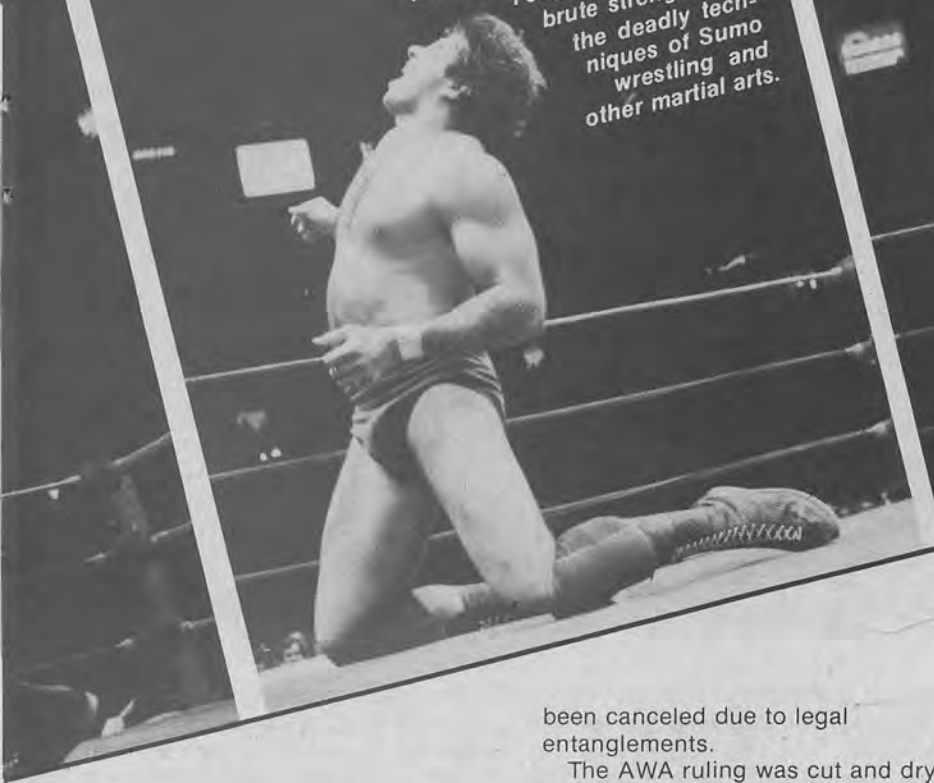
By Henry Schlesinger

Wrestling, perhaps more than any other sport, is like life. Strip away the glossy veneer of glamour, the lure of big-money-deals, the constant barrage of hype from promoters and managers, and it's easy to see that the spectacle of professional wrestling is indeed a never-ending contest between good and evil.

Today, Rick Martel, current AWA Heavyweight Champ, has succeeded in holding the Belt for more than a year, providing irrefutable proof that *nice guys* sometimes do indeed finish on top.

Since relieving Jumbo Tsuruta of the title in the May 13, 1984 spectacular Mother's Day battle, Martel has managed to defeat every legitimate challenge to the title. Of course wrestling fans will immediately recognize that the key

A serious challenge for Martel, however, is coming from King Tonga who combines brute strength with the deadly techniques of Sumo wrestling and other martial arts.



word here is "legitimate," for there are those in the mat game who do not take the same courteous, by-the-book attitude toward the sport as the 236 lbs. French Canadian.

Take for instance Martel's recent match against Freebird Michael Hayes. The more disciplined and scientific Martel overshadowed Hayes from the start. But, Freebird Terry Gordy handed Hayes what officials euphemistically called a "foreign object."

Freebird Hayes used this "foreign object" to pummel Martel into unconsciousness. With Martel down for the count, the Freebirds wasted no time in capering about the ring in celebration, obviously believing one of their own was about to be crowned champ.

But, a Freebird was not destined to fly back to Bad Street USA wearing the AWA Championship Belt. For even as the unconscious Martel lay sprawled on the mat, unfairly defeated, the championship was still his. Hayes was merely a last-minute fill-in for Martel's original opponent, Mr. Siato, whose appearance had

been canceled due to legal entanglements.

The AWA ruling was cut and dry, without even mentioning the introduction of the mysterious "foreign object" into the ring, the ruling left Martel champ, and Hayes fuming.

Hayes was quick to call a press conference in which he shamelessly claimed that the title had been

Garvin's ever present valet, Precious, entered the ring in the middle of the bout and rendered the champ "manageable" for Garvin's pin.

denied him because of behind-the-scenes maneuvering by Martel. Needless to say the Freebird never brought up the little matter of just how he managed to finally beat the champ, while accusing the entire governing body of the AWA, including president Stanley

Blackburn, of being "deep in Martel's pocket."

Martel, on the other hand, decided to let his actions speak and immediately signed a series of contracts to meet Hayes for re-matches, which as of this writing have not begun.

Many believe Martel is too "nice" for his own good. His refusal to break the rules has put him at a disadvantage against less noble wrestlers. Only a few months before his encounter with Hayes, Martel had similar problems with Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin in a match in Las Vegas. Amid the high-rollers and the Vegas glitz, the two grapplers went at it head-to-head in what promised to be a rather standard match. Then, Garvin's ever present valet, Precious, entered the ring in the middle of the bout and rendered the champ "manageable" for Garvin's pin.

Perhaps Precious saw her interference in the match as part of her job description as valet. But, AWA officials after reviewing the video tape of the bout, overturned the decision and Martel once again held onto his belt.

The disgruntled Garvin began circulating rumors that the champ retained his title because of politics, not due to any action by Precious. In order to nip rumors in the bud, Martel went up against Garvin again and again, pinning him in several decisive matches to once again prove



himself a true champ in the eyes of his fans.

Holding the title isn't easy for any wrestler, but it's made all the more difficult for Martel by his unwillingness to stray from his own code of honor. Martel is going through a period that recently made him wonder "if wrestling wasn't the easiest part of being champ?"

Indeed, for Rick Martel, after thirteen years in the sport, wrestling does seem to be an easy task. Take for instance Martel's record, since entering the sport he has captured not only the AWA Heavyweight Title, but also the WWF Tag Team Title (twice), the Canadian Heavyweight Title, Georgia Tag Team Title, Australian Commonwealth Championship, Australian Tag Team Title, the Hawaiian Heavyweight Championship, and the Pacific Northwest Championship.

And, perhaps even more remarkable than Martel's wrestling record is the fact that he's remained unspoiled by this consistent success within the ring. Possessing only a fraction of the ego and decibels of other champs, most notably Rick Flair. Martel is renowned among wrestling insiders for never turning down a fan's request for a picture or an autograph. When speaking of his

claim to the title, the youthful grappler is admirably modest, as well as realistic when he says, "I love being champ. But I know it won't last forever. I go out there and fight the best I can, and, if I win, fine. If I lose, then I just work harder to get it back."

But Martel rarely loses. His unique aerial assaults down opponent after

If there is anyone in the AWA today Martel should watch out for it is King Tonga. Tonga is skilled in the martial arts and Sumo wrestling as well as having nearly a decade of mat experience.

opponent. And, why not? Martel learned his flying routine from the best, his boyhood idol, The Flying Frenchman himself, Edouard Carpentier, whose high flying feats Martel has admired since boyhood.

Watching the "leaping legend" as a

youth, Martel noticed how Capentier's acrobatics confused opponents, making it easier for him to win. But, Martel was careful not to base his entire repertoire of maneuvers on aerial feats. Instead, he developed a style which borrowed from both the traditional wrestling styles and the more daring acrobatics of his hero.

Martel's hybrid wrestling style has drawn praise from all circles of the wrestling world, including Carpentier himself. The Flying Frenchman recently conceded that Martel was a "better basic wrestler" than he was, because he had taken the best from aerial and traditional mat moves.

In addition, Martel stands nearly alone in perfecting not one, but several finishing moves including the Flying Vault, Flying Body Press, and Flying Headscissors. Although spending more time in the air than would seem prudent to most grapplers, Martel has proved again and again that he has both the confidence and skill to pull it off.

As far as Martel's unique style goes, it can be said that if it has any faults at all, it's that he often lets his opponents set the pace of the match, a dangerous practice when coming up against such knowledgeable grapplers as King Tonga, who



Since relieving Jumbo Tsuruta of the title in the May 13, 1984 spectacular Mother's Day battle, Martel has managed to defeat every legitimate challenge to the title.



appears to be one of the major dangers looming on Martel's horizon.

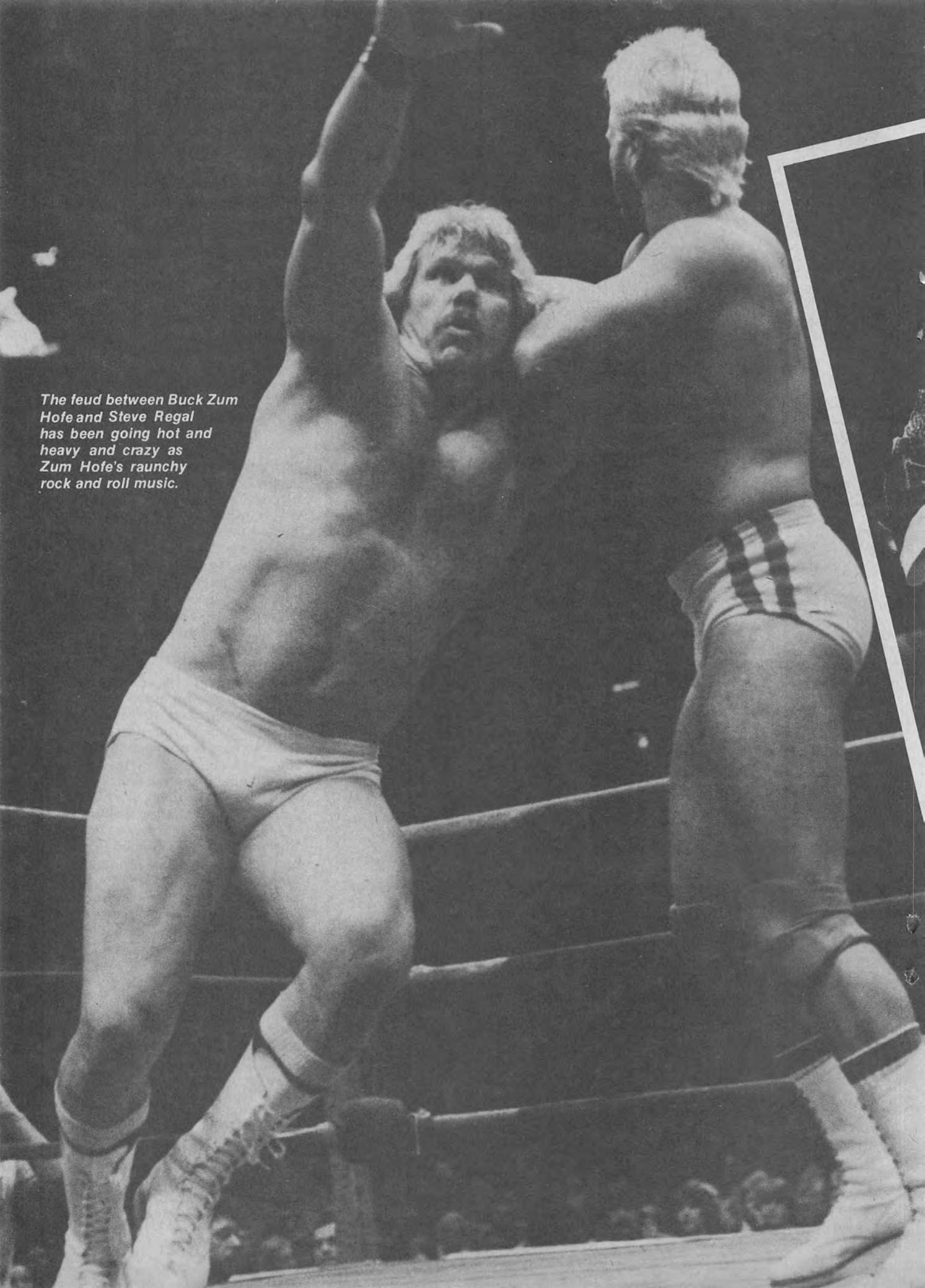
The grappler from the South Pacific has already defeated many of the same opponents that Martel himself has come across, as well as others in a swift, steep climb to the top. Tonga's victories, as of this writing include the likes of: Harley Race, Kendo Nagasaki, Dory Funk, Carlos Colon and many others.

Today, after suffering one defeat at Martel's hands, King Tonga is busy training for another shot at the AWA Championship Title. If there is anyone in the AWA today Martel should watch out for it is Tonga. King Tonga is skilled in the martial arts and Sumo wrestling as well as having nearly a decade of mat experience.

As with all champs, Martel is keenly aware of every challenger standing in line for a shot at the championship. And, while it would appear that once you've reached the top that there is no place to go but down, Martel is still looking ahead. Recently the champ announced an open challenge to Rick Flair, for a championship bout that would reunite the AWA and NWA titles. (The AWA title was created in 1960 by a group of Midwest promoters breaking away from the NWA.)

No answer has been received from Flair yet, but with the increasing popularity of the AWA, including a big-money deal with ESPN for national broadcasting of matches, things are moving quickly in the AWA and for Martel as well. Martel could become the first wrestler in 25 years to hold the distinction of this world title, if Flair is willing to pick-up the gauntlet.

Rick Martel's greatest asset is his ability to bounce back after an opponent takes temporary advantage, as did King Tonga who was able to throw Martel from the ring.



The feud between Buck Zum Hofe and Steve Regal has been going hot and heavy and crazy as Zum Hofe's raunchy rock and roll music.

Buck Zum Hofe:

ROUGH & READY ROCKER



Professional wrestling's premier pop music fan can get as wild as the music he loves but his favorite sounds are his victim's cries of pain and agony.

By H. Schlesinger

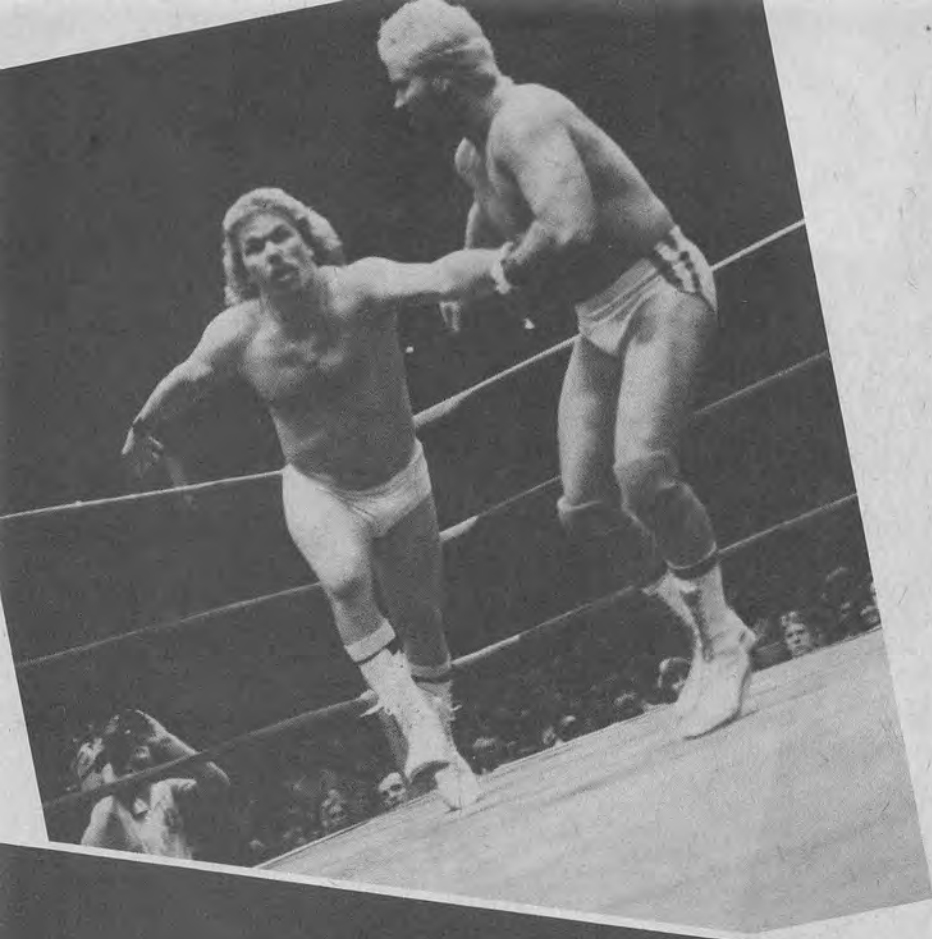
After a decade of high-energy action, wrestling's original rock and roller, Buck "Rock N' Roll" Zum Hofe, has proved that he's definitely here to stay. Still toting his ever-present *boom-box* radio/cassette player and sporting a wardrobe almost as loud as his taste in music, Zum Hofe is once again making his presence known in the AWA.

After returning to the AWA earlier this year, Zum Hofe is now gunning for the Light Heavyweight title. Wrestling fans will remember that the rock and roll grappler held the title for two years, from 1982 to 1984, before losing it to the current champ Steve Regal.

Zum Hofe's fight to regain the championship has not been an easy one, it has taken him from the glittering opulent casinos of Atlantic City to the northern lights of Alaska. To hear Zum Hofe tell it, Regal has held on to the title not through wrestling ability, but through a series of technicalities and behind-the-scene stall tactics.

"Regal has already weighed in over-weight, just so he didn't have to defend the title," Zum Hofe claims. (Light Heavyweight contenders must weigh in at 220 lbs. or under.) "He's thrown me over the top rope to keep the title," Zum Hofe continues. "The truth is, he's pulled every illegal trick in the book to keep the title!"

And indeed, after reviewing the outcome of Zum Hofe's four championship bouts with Regal, one would have to side with the wrestling rocker. All four matches in which



Zum Hofe faced Regal for the title have ended in either disqualification or a draw.

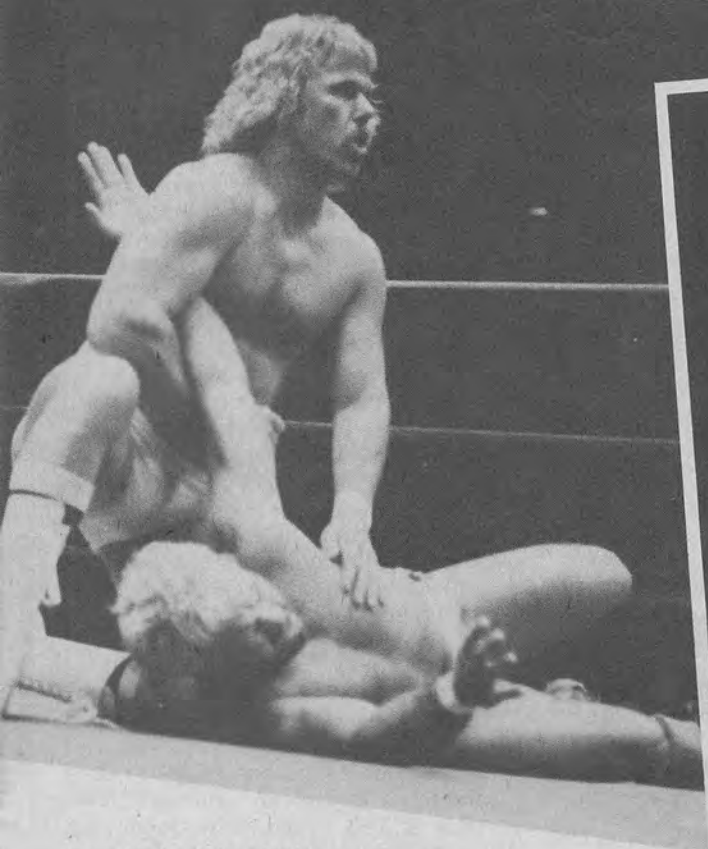
"I know I can out-wrestle him. I know I can beat him in a fair match. I just worry about technicalities. Like every time he's in a pinch for a reverse, well, he slips his foot or leg between the ropes," Zum Hofe accuses.

Zum Hofe is quick to point out the title match in Alaska at the end of this summer. "I was winning! Man, I was really cleaning his clock!" Zum Hofe boasts. "And then, what does he do? Out of sheer desperation he pokes me in the eye and throws me over the rope!" Under AWA rules, Zum Hofe won the twenty-five minute battle, but the title did not change hands.

All of the other championship matches have also ended in a similar fashion, or with the clock running down. A recent contest in Atlantic City, NJ ended in a draw when the fifteen minute time limit expired—just as the action was getting tough.

"It (Regal's capture of the title) was a fluke in the first place. There's no doubt about that," Zum Hofe states flatly of the thirty-five minute match in St. Paul.

"Oh, he's good. He's real good.



Zum Hofe claims he is a better wrestler than Regal who has been avoiding Zum Hofe, he says.



And, he thinks he's cute, the way he acts in the ring. But, I'm better. I figure I got about three years experience on him and I'm cute, too," Zum Hofe insists.

Fluke or no fluke, when the two wrestlers went at it that night in St. Paul, Regal managed to reverse Zum Hofe's roll-up, relieving him of the title, and almost his pants. And then, there's the fact that Regal has managed to hold the title for nearly two years.

"Anything I suggest, he won't agree with," Zum Hofe complains of the current champ. "He's just doesn't want to sign any open contracts. Me, I'd just as soon get into the ring and duke it out."

If Zum Hofe had his way, he'd get into the ring with Regal for a no-

time-limit, no-disqualification match.

"This guy (Regal) he's in pretty good shape, otherwise he wouldn't be the champ, right? Now you take a guy like that and put him into a fifteen or twenty minute match. Well, you can't wear him down. He's just not going to get tired. You need a while to work him. You have to work his arms, legs, and head," Zum Hofe says.

"And as for me, well, I've never been in better shape. I'm fit as a fiddle and training hard. I can get down anyday and wrap off four or five hundred sit-ups," Zum Hofe says.

If today, Zum Hofe plays the underdog looking for a fair match against a reigning champ, it is best to remember that this was not always the case. There is a dark side to the rock and roller. Many fans still clearly remember when a young grappler from Portland, Oregon, Matt Borne, went into the ring with Zum Hofe. The more experienced Zum Hofe jumped the rookie before the bell, slammed his head into a turnbuckle and proceeded to knock the newcomer senseless with a pair of brass knuckles. Then, after the referee rightfully disqualified Zum Hofe, the rocker grabbed the mike and declared, "Borne is no good!" and that the referee was prejudiced because of Zum Hofe's taste in music.

The rocker has also been known to

turn on his own tag team partners. Take, for example, the time a few years back when Zum Hofe was wrestling with tag team partner Victor Rivera.

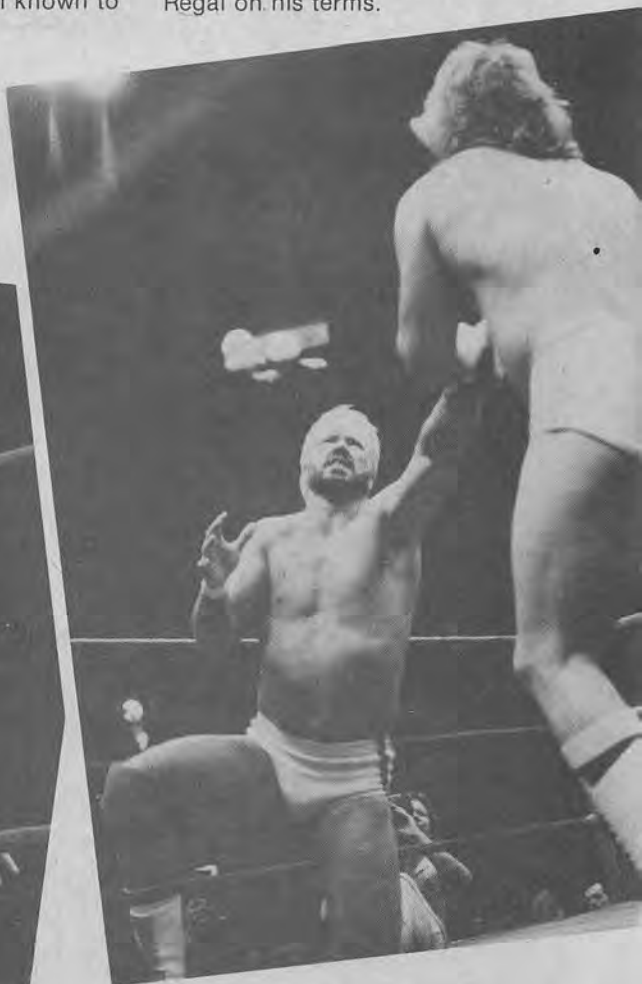
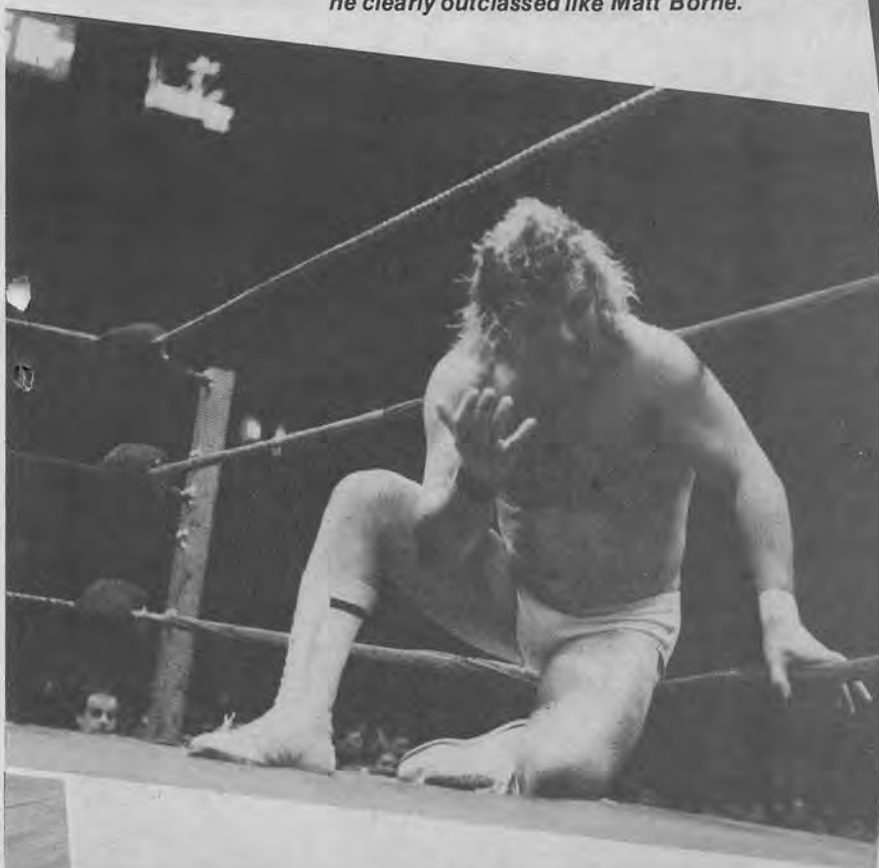
According to Zum Hofe, Rivera was "blowing it." Then, as Zum Hofe held an opponent in a full nelson, Rivera missed the punch and nailed Zum Hofe instead. A mistake that turned out to be the last straw. Zum Hofe abandoned both his official opponents, threw a stunned Rivera out of the ring and walked away from the match.

It's precisely this kind of unpredictable behavior that has fans confused about Buck "Rock N' Roll" Zum Hofe. Each time he walks into the ring, fans are uncertain about whether to boo or cheer. It's hard to believe that the same athlete who speaks so fondly of the Big Booper, Elvis and even Bruce Springsteen, can change gears so quickly and say, "Sometimes I just like to throw a cheap shot, you know, punch him (an opponent) along side the ear, just to show him he's not playing with a kid."

One thing is certain about Zum Hofe, when this rock and roller puts his mind to something, he goes after it with a vengeance. So, wrestling fans can expect that it's only a matter of time until he meets up with Steve Regal on his terms.

In one of his more dastardly demonstrations, the veteran Zum Hofe jumped the rookie Matt Borne and proceeded to knock the newcomer senseless with a pair of brass knuckles.

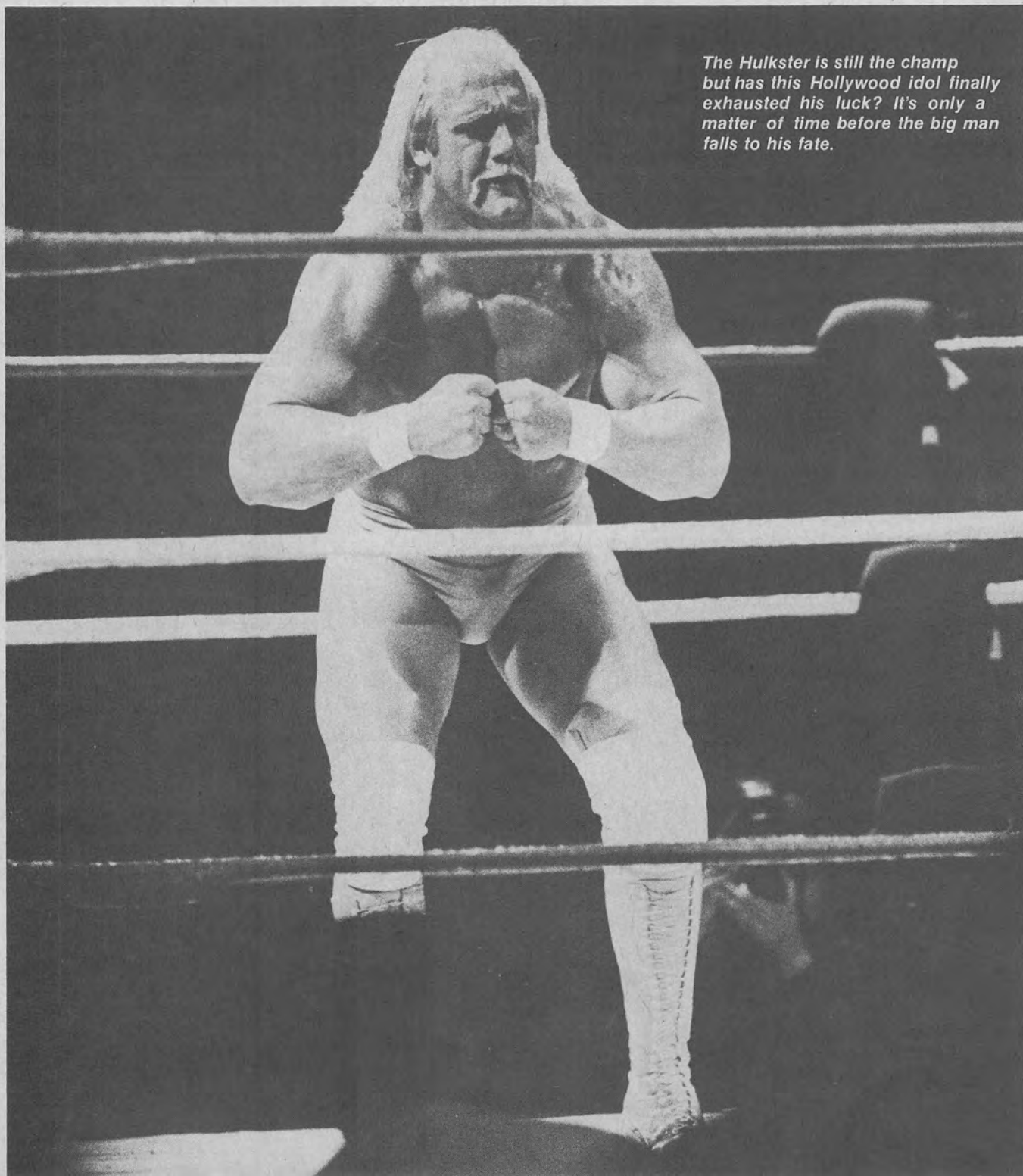
Zum Hofe has already gained a measure of infamy with his brutal treatment of opponents he clearly outclassed like Matt Borne.



Hulk Hogan Challenged By Terry Funk:

Does Funk Know The Hulk's Secret?

The Hulkster is still the champ but has this Hollywood idol finally exhausted his luck? It's only a matter of time before the big man falls to his fate.



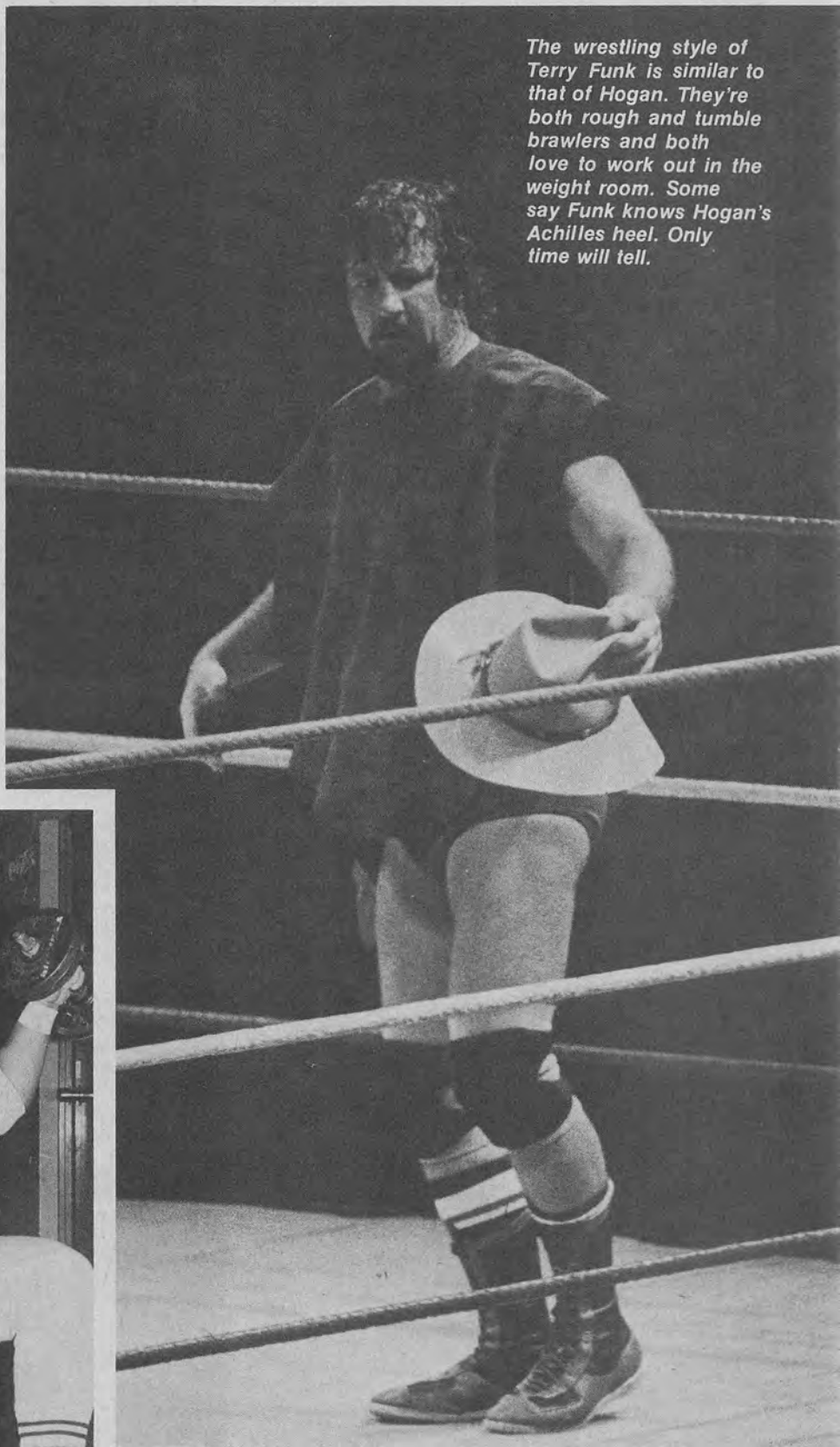
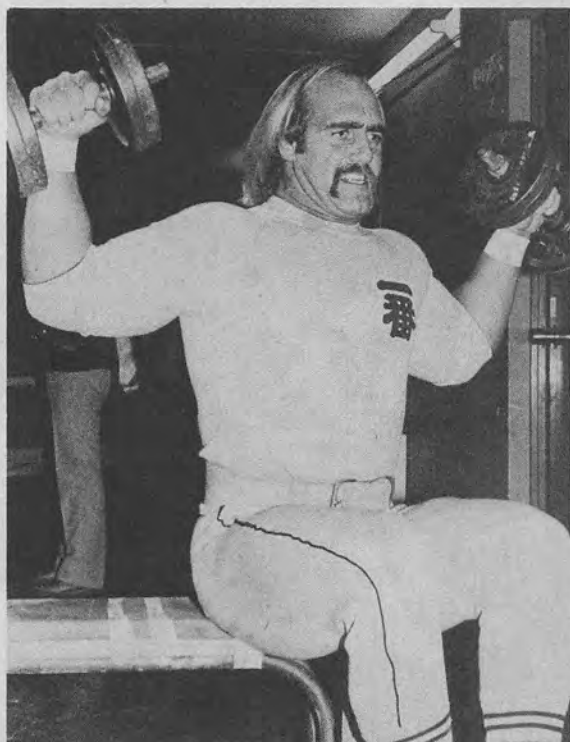
By **Mighty Mike Kimmel**

While the World Wrestling Federation has expanded its ranks dramatically, currently boasting a membership of over two hundred top name and preliminary grapplers, it still remains that one man alone may lay legal claim to the group's recognized world title. Even the existence of (and frequent controversy surrounding) the Intercontinental title does not detract in importance from the unwavering interest surrounding the WWF's world champion. To some extent, every wrestling organization in the world is judged by the overall ability and tenacity, as well as the charismatic qualities of its topmost titleholder.

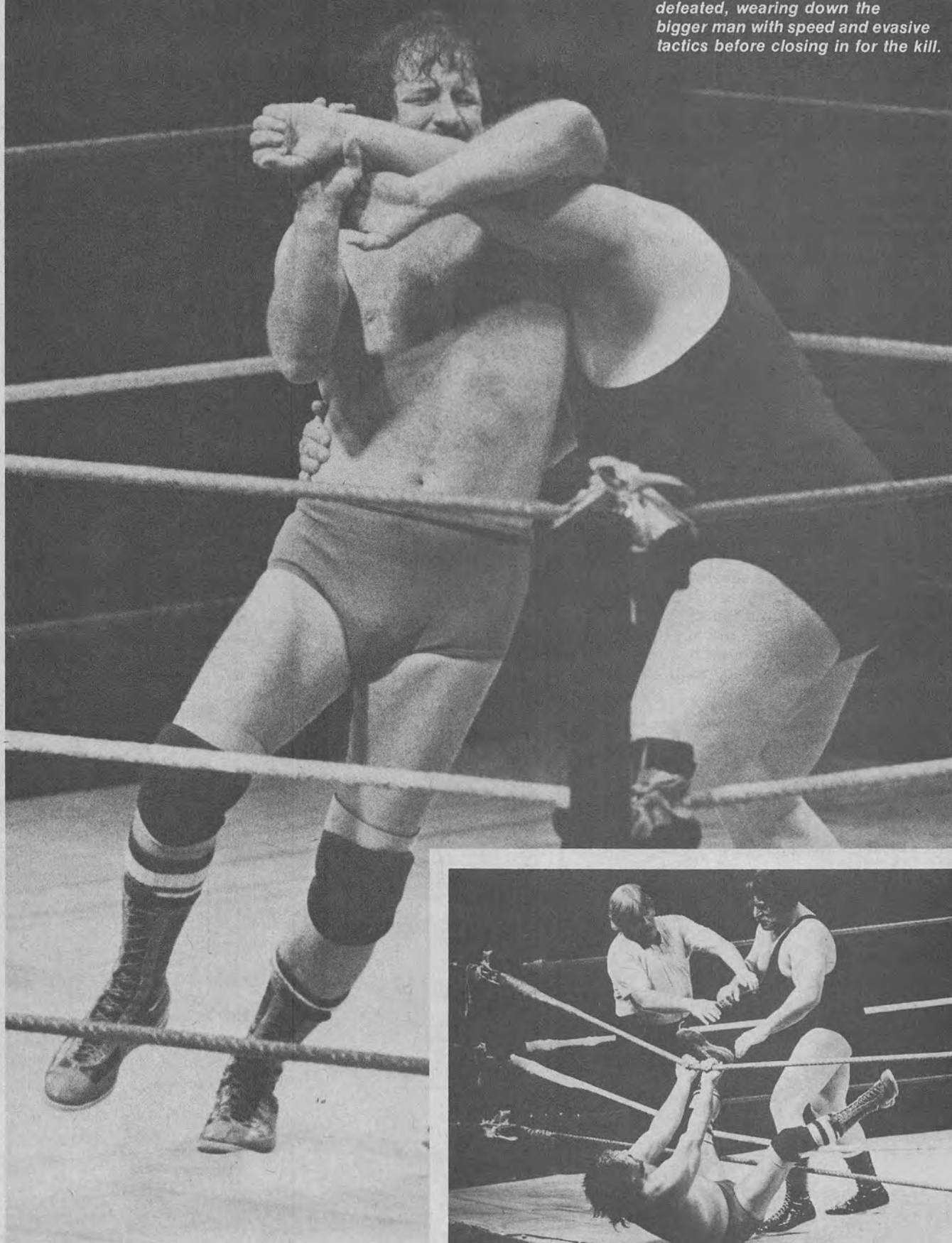
WWF champion Hulk Hogan has sometimes come under fire for his lack of scientific wrestling knowledge, and for defending his version of the world's heavyweight wrestling championship against only the most vicious and despicable rulebreakers available throughout the entire Federation. Though he has been handed some very rough moments since capturing the WWF belt from the Iron Shiek in January of 1984, the 6'8", 305 pound Hulkster has been able to maintain his grasp on the title primarily through the use of his tremendous physical strength. However, Hogan has had several close calls in competition against Big John Studd, "Dr. D" David Shultz, and Antonio Inoki, each of whom was able to leave the champ with painful lasting injuries, as well as a bit of egg on the face.

Terry Funk and Hulk Hogan are two wrestlers with similar styles and mentalities—will that help the Texas battler find Hogan's fatal weakness?!

The wrestling style of Terry Funk is similar to that of Hogan. They're both rough and tumble brawlers and both love to work out in the weight room. Some say Funk knows Hogan's Achilles heel. Only time will tell.



Terry Funk showed he has savvy to match brute strength when he tangled with strong man Swede Hanson whom he ultimately defeated, wearing down the bigger man with speed and evasive tactics before closing in for the kill.



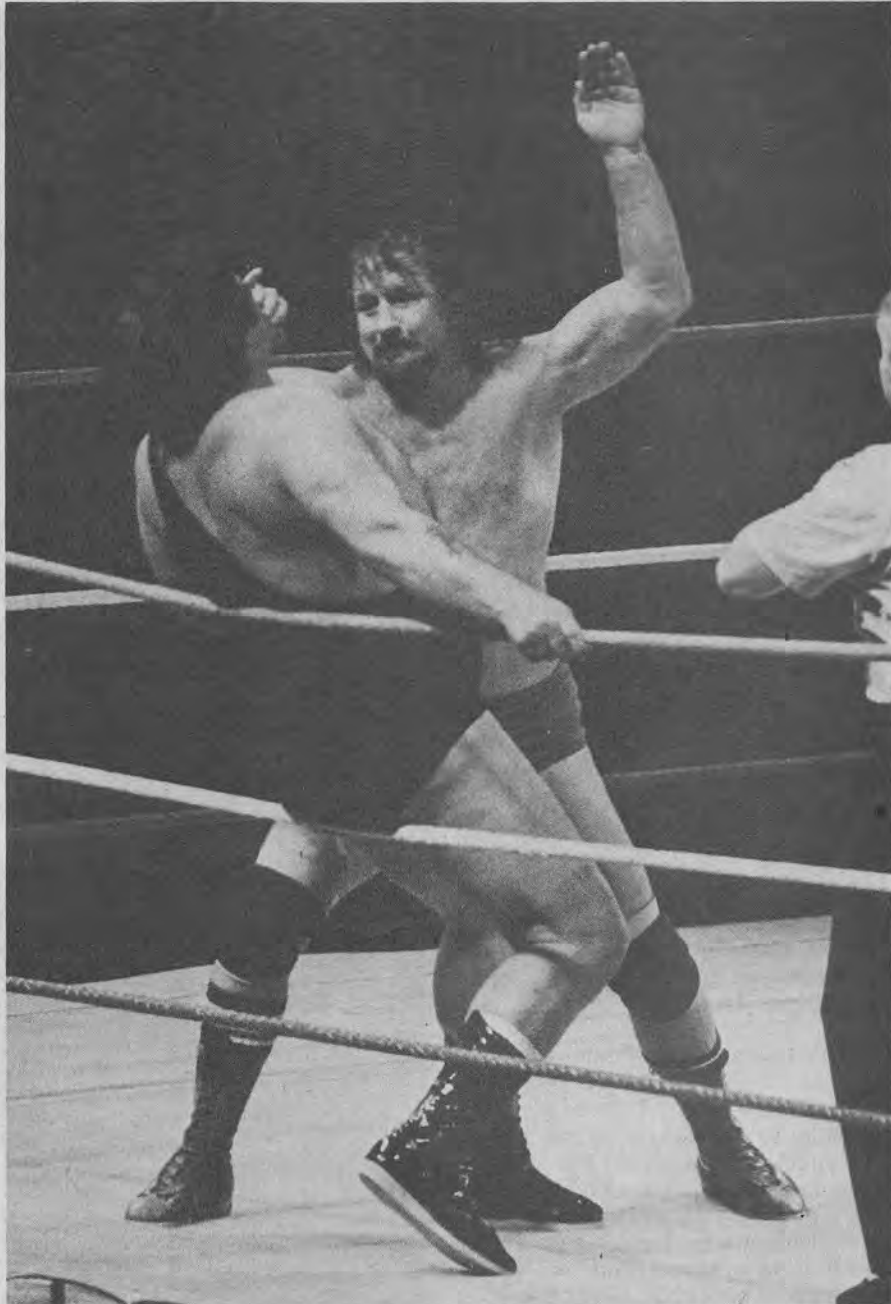


In the months to come, Hulk Hogan may find himself tested to his herculean furthest limits by Terry Funk, a virtual newcomer to the WWF but a familiar leering face to diehard professional wrestling fans worldwide. Funk is a former world's champion himself, having captured the NWA belt from Jack Brisco and defending it successfully for fourteen months back in the mid 1970's.

Both antagonists utilize a reckless, wide open style which will frequently bewilder opponents and eventually catch them off guard in rather compromising positions.

Traditionally, the NWA world title has been the most respected in all the mat world, being the oldest wrestling championship recognized throughout history. During the past year, with all the promotional interest and excitement generated by the WWF, the NWA and AWA have become somewhat eclipsed in the media. Thus, the WWF, which has only been in operation since 1963, now boasts the single most visible wrestling titleholder in the world, namely Hulk Hogan.

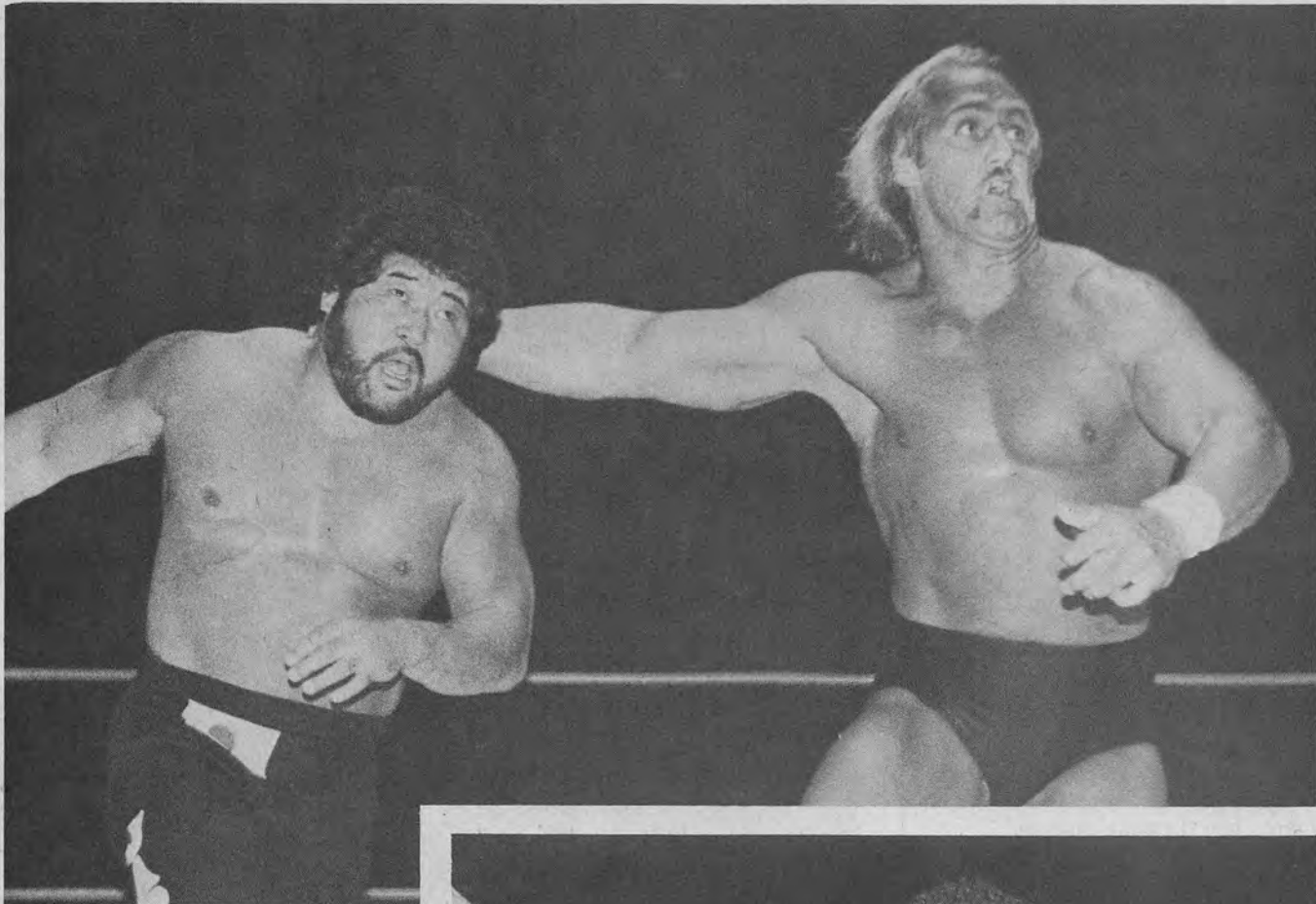
The Hogan-Funk rivalry is a natural one. Hulk Hogan has been most



exciting and impressive when going up against rulebreakers of Funk's ilk. Terry Funk, for his part, certainly possesses the same burning desire which all former champions have demonstrated to annex another world title and once again reign atop the pro wrestling mountain. In the immortal words of the great urban philosopher Mickey Spillane, "a dog is a dog to a dog" or, in simpler terms, two individuals who appear to be cut from the same cloth will readily recognize the potential threat each one poses for the other. Hogan and Funk are definitely two of a kind, and the inevitable contestation between them should prove to be one of the most interesting of the near future.

Both men are "all or nothing" type of competitors. Hogan and Funk

usually reach their top speeds in the very early stages of each match, creating a fever pitch of excitement from the outset. Both antagonists utilize a reckless, wide open type of ring style which will frequently bewilder opponents and eventually catch them off guard in rather compromising positions. Unfortunately, this approach has left each man with lasting injuries the likes of which would prove intolerable to any other professional athlete of any kind. The fact that men like Hogan and Funk (as well as innumerable other professional wrestlers bearing the internal scars of their profession) are able to continue with their active ring careers despite agonizing and recurrent physical hardships serves as testament of the tremendous physical conditioning



Recent opponents who have tested Hogan severely are Mr. Saito and Harley Race.

and durability of pro wrestlers in general.

Specifically, Terry Funk is a grappler who will do anything to win. His attack upon a WWF ring attendant immediately upon entering the area vividly illustrates the man's total disregard for the rules of the sport. In this respect, Funk is reminiscent of "Dr. D" David Shultz and probably will afford Hulk Hogan his single greatest championship challenge since "Dr. D" was barred from the area. Funk has already bested such WWF standouts as S.D. Jones, Swede Hansen, and Leaping Lanny Poffo, exhibiting an uncanny ring savvy and deliberate professionalism which only comes with years of experience against the toughest men in pro wrestling.

In addition, Terry Funk possesses an outstanding background in amateur wrestling techniques stemming all the way from his college days at West Texas State University. Combined with his unorthodox, rulebreaking manners, these legitimate grappling abilities make Funk a very difficult man to beat. The Amarillo, Texas native is an especially dangerous foe for someone like Hulk Hogan, who





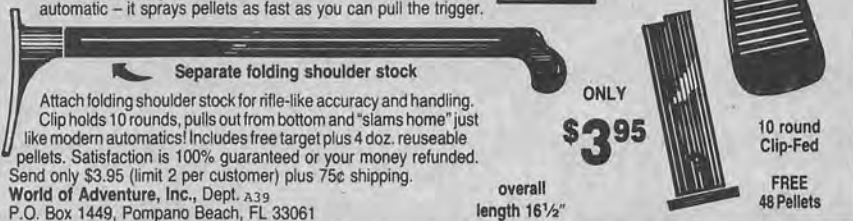
Many think Andre The Giant would have killed Hogan if the big Frenchman had not been over-confident which caused the 7'4", 500+ pounder to blunder and allowed Hogan to recover.

cannot boast the same scientific scuffling capabilities. Thus, in a battle with Terry Funk, WWF champion Hogan might very well fall victim to a perfectly executed inside cradle, spinning toe hold, figure four leglock, or sleeper hold while being on the lookout for some considerably less sportsmanlike action on the part of his challenger.

Funk, then, must be regarded as having a very promising chance of upsetting WWF titlist Hulk Hogan. In fact, of all the myriad wrestlers currently running wild throughout the rough and tumble WWF, Terry Funk most probably poses the single greatest threat to Hogan's continued championship authority. His pure wrestling knowledge exceeds that of any other rulebreaker in the Federation, including both Don Muraco and Adrian Adonis. Conversely, of all the qualified scientific wrestling superstars competing under the WWF banner, Terry Funk is by far the most vicious and ruthless and certainly the least constricted by both the rulebook and his own pangs of conscience. This combination is extremely rare and must not be taken lightly by WWF champ Hulk Hogan. Should Hogan step into the ring against Funk and underestimate the very real threat his antagonist poses, then the towering titleholder might very well find himself burdened at the bout's conclusion with a great deal of free time, as well as with the gnawing pain and stigma of becoming an ex-champion.

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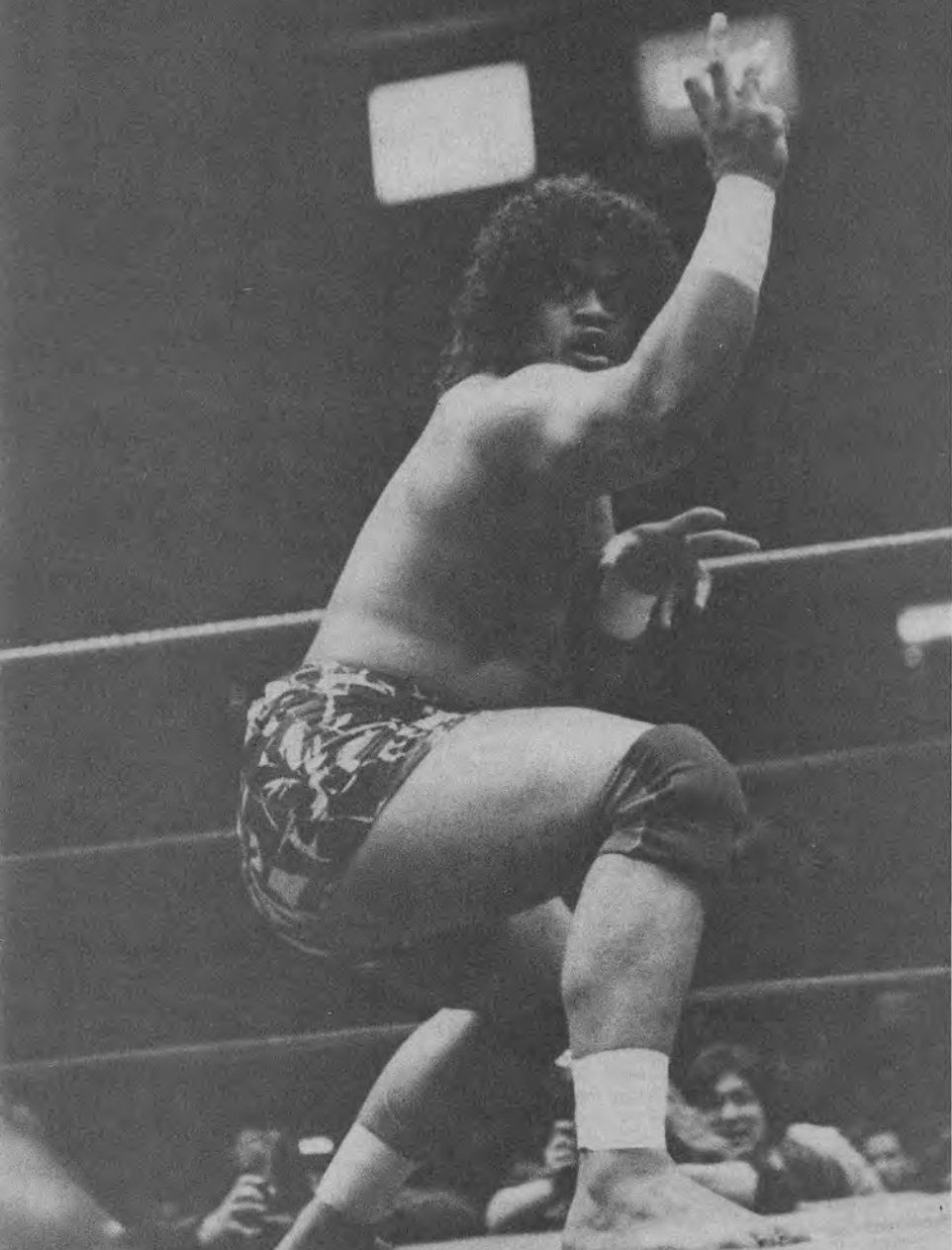
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More On The

Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka's cousin has hit professional wrestling like a tidal wave!



The Kid is best known for his acrobatics but he is also highly skilled in martial arts.

"Oh, sweet jeez, and that Kid took off 'way up in the air just like some sort of crazy, suntanned Superman..."

"Yeah. Wow! I watched that match with my own two eyes—Y'know?—but still I can't believe what I saw. I mean, if that guy isn't terrific, I'll eat my copy of *Championship Wrestling*, centerfold and all..."

So it went that whole, magical night long.

Thousands upon thousands of fans had flocked to the huge coliseum, stuffing the structure's big belly and jam-packing its grandstands to where it seemed that the place might burst.

Through it all the whispers ran wild: A STAR HAD BEEN BORN!, and not a single soul present could help exclaiming and exclaiming over again all about this sweet surprise. So, from even the farthest corners of that giant assemblage, words of almost reverent awe flew like a sudden blast of chilled wind, uniting one and all in a shiver of purest delight.

That happy crush of our great sport's ever-expanding family of beautiful fans had seen in a confrontation they are not likely to ever forget none other than The Tonga Kid.

And, dear reader, how colossal a treat that is!

The Kid was born in the Kingdom of Tonga. With its sister isle of Fiji for company, the tiny island drowns in sun-drenched splendor, not at all disturbed by the raging Pacific that pounds relentlessly at its golden shores.

His boyhood was given over to such pursuits as attending school where the classroom was often an aromatic glade gone wild with orchids and hibiscus, set beside a warm lagoon in which splashed fat fish with colors to rival a rainbow.

Done with the day's studies, The Kid and his playmates would call to each other in the gentle, sing-song Polynesian heard only in that part of the Pacific. Together they'd scamper off through the endless green mansions created by the untamed foliage, where they would take the afternoon meal from the flowering fruit trees that grow in lush abundance all over the island.

Tonga Kid

The Kid learned a few lessons the hard way at the hands of the Fabulous Freebirds.



Of an age when children in this wonderfully "progressive" civilization of ours can barely totter across a wading pool and wave 'bye-bye at the same time, these tots would casually sprint straight up sky-high cliffs with the sure-footed familiarity of very old friends. There, amid big squeals celebrating the boundless joy of a spirit that is truly free, they'd dive in a headlong rush to where their lithe little bodies would meet and conquer the screaming waters so far below.

When the descending sun began casting buttery shadows upon the impossibly beautiful land, The Kid would head home. His family's house was a grass hut reinforced with bits of coral reef and shell that held neither color TV's nor video arcade games between its thatched

walls... just so much love and laughter that no one seemed to feel at all "deprived."—There wasn't time! His was a household kept in a happy uproar by the constant comings and goings of the huge, rollicking clan, each of whom was so devoted to the others that all lived either right within the kingdom or on nearby Fiji.

To see the Tonga Kid in the ring is to know that here is one who was taught by an exquisite and exacting teacher: this Kid really knows his stuff!

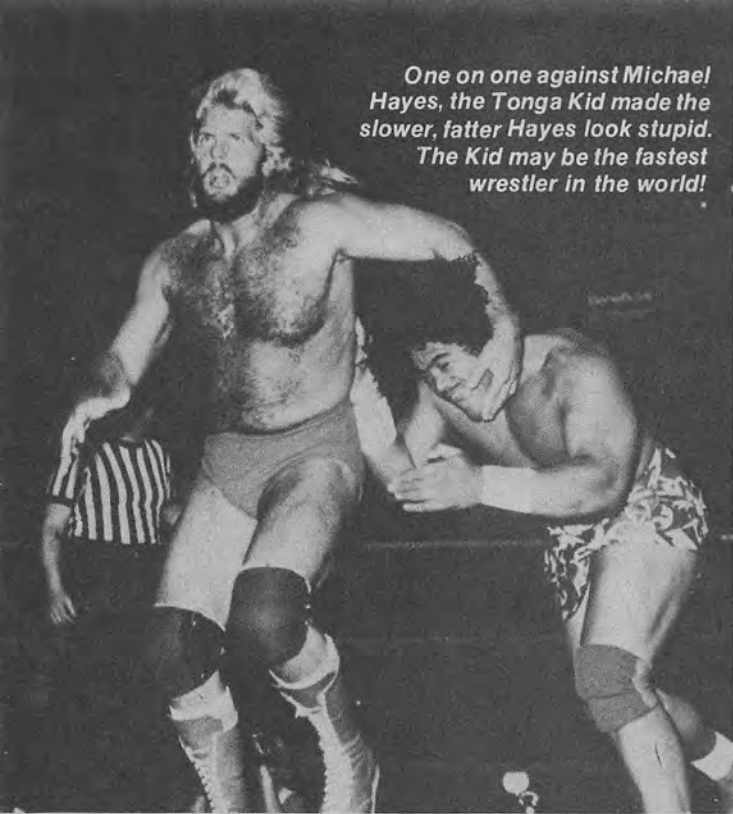
By Virginia "Ginger Snaps" Bowes

The Kid grew up amid this joyous jumble of parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and "hundreds!" (The Tonga Kid assures us) of cousins in whose number is found that most wondrous of all wrestling wonders: the fabulous Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka.

When catching first sight of The Kid, it is almost too easy to shrug him off as a slightly younger but no-less-dazzling clone of the cousin he so frankly adores.

It is true that both stand tall and elegant, wrapped as they are in the timeless and indomitable dignity peculiar to that race of golden super-beings. And their bodies are matching miracles of classic beauty, with each muscle sculptured to out and out perfection. Also true is the

One on one against Michael Hayes, the Tonga Kid made the slower, fatter Hayes look stupid. The Kid may be the fastest wrestler in the world!



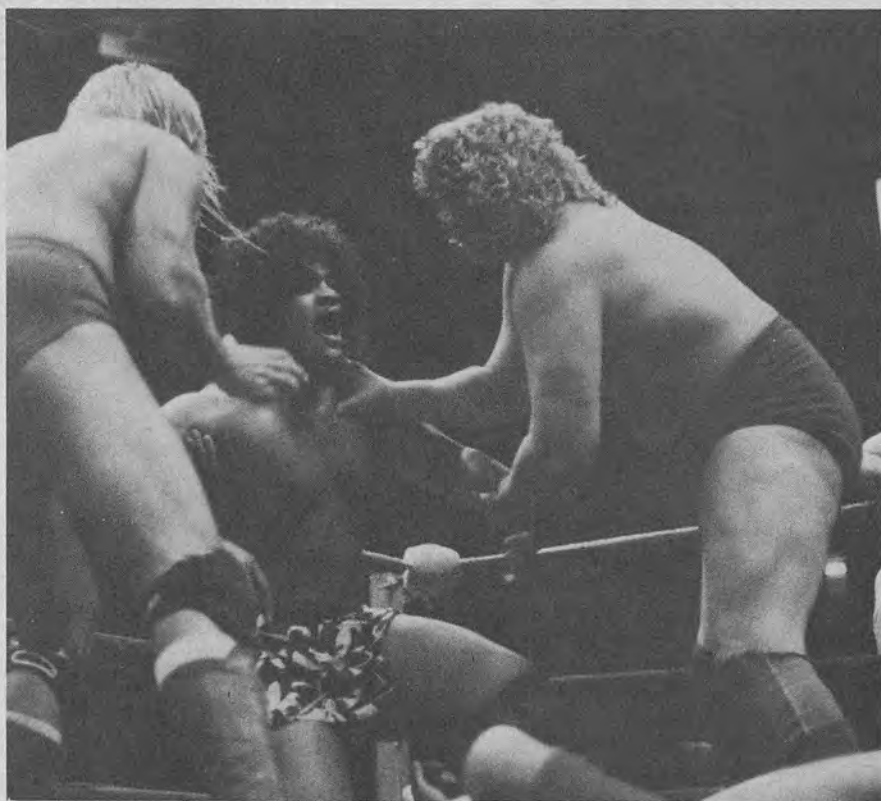
fact that the cousins continue to wear with quiet but fierce pride the brightly colored skirts adapted by their people so many centuries back and still the most preferred costume of today's island-dwellers.

But to probe just slightly beneath mere outward appearances is to note that where sweet, sensitive Jimmy—this unparalleled legend of ours with the perpetually haunted eyes—is wrestling's very own heartbreak kid, Tonga is its child of light: Bubbling laughter, loud music, sunshine, and jokes that may be childish but never, never unkind are a big part of what he is all about.

And to see The Tonga Kid in the ring is to know that here is one who was taught by an exquisite and exacting teacher: This kid really knows his stuff! But well beyond even the amazing mastery he has achieved in his nearly flawless execution of the classic moves—and all while still so incredibly young—there is the fact that the boy's instinctive grasp of these standard and ageless maneuvers is just so impeccable that, in the way of only the most gifted grandmother, he dares create his own variations, and each of his matches he brands with a verry individuality—a virtuosity—that is guaranteed to absolutely and positively take your breath away.

On that one night, the bell clanged and The Kid lit to the center of the ring where he hooked-up with a thickset, red-haired veteran of many

The Kid is better than any one of the Freebirds, but, when they all gang up on him, then it is too much.



He can do it all—and do it so well—without having yet seen his twentieth birthday— what he'll be capable of when he reaches his peak can only boggle the mind and elate the senses.



Time is on his side and The Kid will have his say in the rough and tumble world of professional wrestling.



To see the Tonga Kid is to know that here is one who was taught by an exquisite and exacting teacher: this Kid really knows his stuff!

an infamous mat war whose name is not important here. The bad man wormed his fat arm around to where he could drive a beefy fist deep into Tonga's windpipe. With a mighty heave, our boy zipped up and out in a vertical drop-kick that caught the other square in the center of his sloping forehead. Thus propelled, the wiley vet went into a series of surprise meetings with the ropes which pitched him, by turns, into a zinging sling-shot, several shoulder-blocks and a back-body drop. As Carrot-Top lie belly-up on the thick pads afforded by his big behind, the much younger and lighter of the two reached down and—just like that!—scooped this hulking mass high above his own head and then proceeded to slam him deep into the mat, giving new evidence that the boy's strength just might be up to his acrobatic finesse.

Later saw the old war horse reeling in near-comic befuddlement as Tonga showed the way with many giant leaps all the way up and over his opponent to where the bad guy's

every attempt at laying hands upon the slippery youngster was met with lots of empty air. The Kid then hit the canvas, brought his man down in a wrap-toe hold, and went for a half-Nelson with cradle. The ref made it to the count of two when the seasoned grappler's flailing mitt found the officials' table, from where he took the time-keeper's bell. Pearl-Harbored by a smash to the skull that echoed around the arena and blew him over the top ropes, The Tonga Kid did not stop falling until he was caught at the small of his back by the steel rail that circles the area below the ring. Ol' Red stumbled after the dazed boy, slugged him again and again with the foreign object, and set him up for a belly-to-back pile-driver on the unyielding cement floor. It was here, while Tonga hung upside-down and writhing in pain, that his stunning virtuosity came into play: The Polynesian looped his muscled legs around his foe's thick neck, powered up to where he was sitting across the other's shoulders, and jack-knifed out so that he gracefully glided up and back into the squared circle through the second rope, while the bad man took the baddest piece of the action on his face which crunched into the edge of the ring.

When everyone was sure they'd go to the limit, Big Butt unwisely introduced yet another foreign object into the match—this time a chair—with which he beat The Kid beyond all reason. He was repaid in full, however, when Tonga connected with a resounding roundhouse—right, hurled the chair against a far post, did likewise with his adversary, and jammed him further into this hard place with an explosive vertical block. The islander then torpedoed his man through a high-powered sidewinder suplex, took to the third rope, came off in an electrifying press, then wrapped it all up in a scorpion leg lock with bridge.

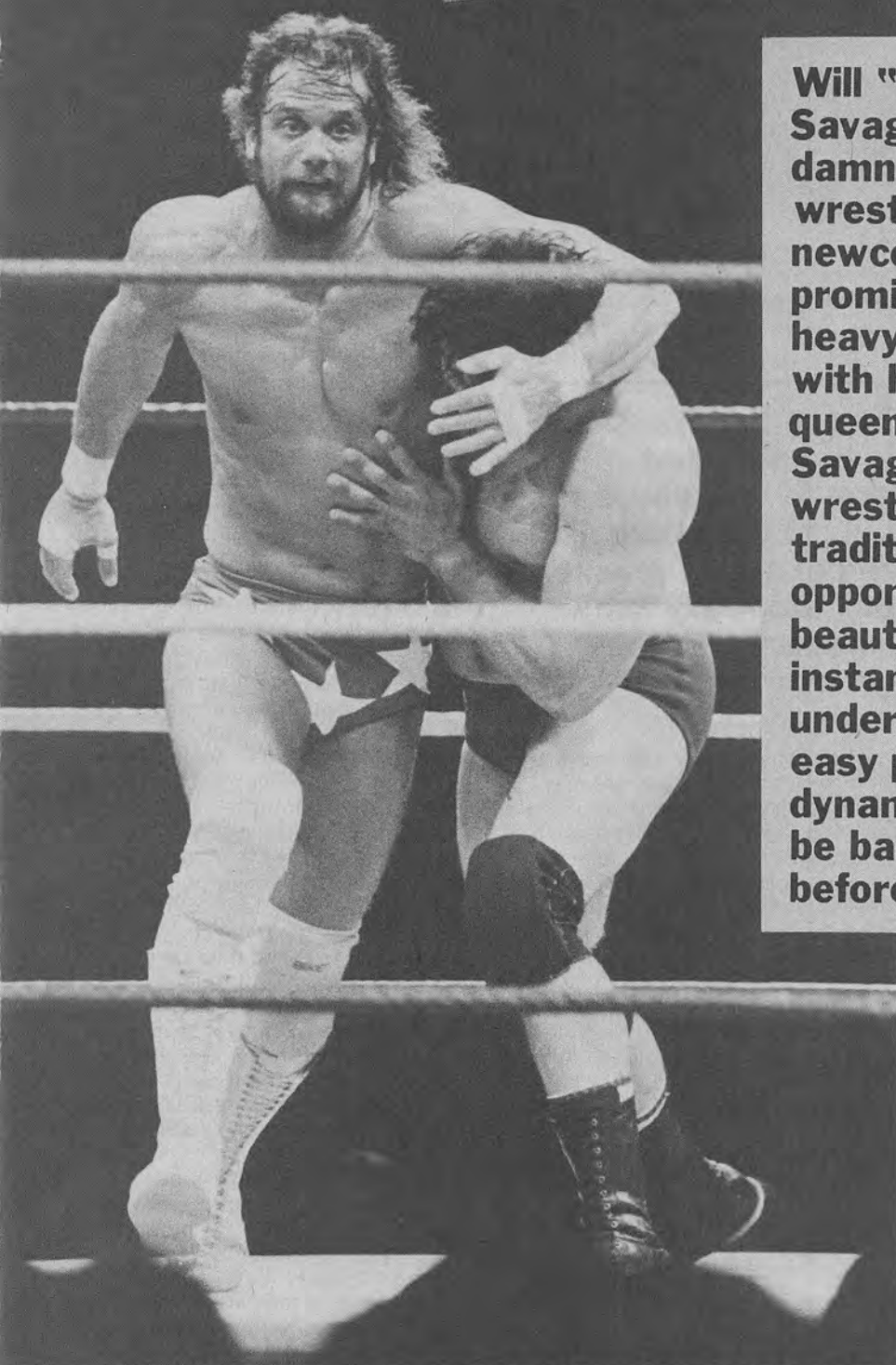
If he can do all this—and do it so well—without having yet seen even his twentieth birthday, the very thought of what The Kid will be like when he reaches his peak is enough to boggle the mind and elate the senses.

Maybe it is true that the person who's now pecking-out these words to you is just another writer, doing the only thing she knows...but listen-up anyway: Someday soon, when wrestling fans are discussing just who in our world truly deserves to be known as a Lord of the Ring, certain to be named amid this illustrious company will be The Tonga Kid.

It's only a matter of time.



The Beast Finds



The Macho Man is always full of surprises as he proved when choosing a beauty queen as a manager.

Will "Macho Man" Randy Savage be the salvation or damnation of professional wrestling? At first, this newcomer was seen as a promising contender for the heavyweight title—now, with his selection of a beauty queen as his manager, Savage is upsetting one of wrestling's most sacred traditions. When Savage's opponents gaze upon the beauty of Elisabeth they are instantly charmed and fall under a spell, thus becoming easy prey for this diabolical dynamo. Must Elisabeth be banned from wrestling—before it is too late?!

By Ross Bach

It seems like it was only yesterday that we were talking about how women fit into the man's world of professional wrestling. The subject first came up after a recent Rick Martel - "Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin bout, one in which Garvin's female valet "Precious" interfered continually with Martel, of course to "Gorgeous" Jimmy's advantage.

Now, everyone knows that Rick Martel is one of the most cool-headed wrestlers ever to climb into the squared circle. But we have it on good authority that Rick was ready to sock it to "Precious" if he could only have gotten his hands around her pretty little neck.

His Beauty

*The Macho Man
likes to completely
dominate his opponent,
then the torture begins.*

During the August/85 issue we asked you readers what you thought of such rule-breaking and the majority of you responded enthusiastically that if a woman, or anyone else for that matter, such as Bobby "The Brain" Heenan or Jimmy "Mouth Of The South" Hart, interferes, then she or he deserves the consequences even if that means a black eye, a bloody nose or worse!

Well, wrestling fans, I must now inform you that we are threatened by even a more diabolical scheme to undermine the rules of the sport. This threat was orchestrated by one of our newest wrestlers, the up-and-coming Randy "Macho Man" Savage.

When this "Macho Man" first came on the scene just these few months ago, we greeted him with both awe and respect. After all, this dynamo was beating all comers and was surely destined for a shot at one of the premier titles—possible even Hulk Hogan's coveted WWF Heavyweight crown.

A typical "Macho Man" performance was demonstrated at the expense of Jose Luis Rivera.

The match began with the two wrestlers both tentative as each looked for a weakness in the other. At close to the same weight, with Savage at 235 lbs. and Rivera at 240, it seemed that skill would be the determining factor rather than brute strength.

After a few minutes, Rivera caught the "Macho Man" with a hip lock and threw him and his star-studded tights out of the ring.

It was at this time that something strange came over this "Macho Man" Randy Savage. No sooner had he landed outside the ring on the concrete floor than this man went into a rage. The man truly became a wild man!

In a second, Savage was back in the ring where he proceeded to dominate his unfortunate opponent with a series of punches, kicks and throws, finally throwing Rivera out of ring in much the same fashion as had happened before.

But here is where the difference between the two wrestlers became apparent. When Rivera threw Savage out of the ring, Rivera allowed his opponent an opportunity to climb back into the ring and a chance to regain his wits, which is only sporting because it



is against rules to throw opponents beyond the ropes which, of course, is out of bounds.

But here's where Rivera lost the advantage and the match to his more ambitious, and less concerned with the rules, opponent, the now notorious "Macho Man" Randy Savage.

It was at this time that something strange came over this "Macho Man" Randy Savage. No sooner had he landed outside the ring on the concrete floor than this man went into a rage. The man truly became a wild man!

The moment Rivera hit the concrete floor outside the ring he was stunned, which is only normal for concrete is less forgiving the canvas inside the ring. Rivera was still crumpled on the concrete when this "Macho Man" made his next move. Quickly, Savage ran to the corner, climbed up the turnbuckle all the way to the top rope, and then he jumped. Down he fell, more than ten or fifteen feet. Down he fell onto the already vulnerable and nearly helpless

Jose Luis Rivera. Of course, Rivera was flattened. It's surprising that this poor soul wasn't killed—let's hope he didn't receive any permanent injury. One thing was for sure, however. The match was over. It was only a matter of tossing the helpless Rivera back into the ring and then falling on this near-lifeless body for a pin. However, "Macho Man" would not make it that easy, not by a long shot.

Once Savage had Rivera back in the ring, almost exactly in the center, he could have ended this misery with a quick pin. But no. Savage wanted some more fun and Rivera would be his victim. Once more this brute climbed up the turnbuckle to the top rope. This time he posed for the crowd who were all begging him not to punish his defeated victim any more.

As the "Macho Man" stood on the top rope he listened to the pleas from the crowd. He could hear the cries, the begging for mercy, and now, for the first time, Randy Savage smiled. An ugly, hideous grin twisted his thin lips just before he gave out an equally hideous scream.

As he screamed "Macho Man" Randy Savage jumped from the top rope down into the ring. Down upon the abused body of his former opponent, the defeated Jose Luis Rivera. Of course, Rivera made no reaction. The poor man was already unconscious from the contact coming from Savage's first jump, which had almost mashed Rivera into the concrete.

Finally there was a sigh of relief from the crowd. The match was over; Savage had mercifully pinned the near-lifeless body of his opponent. One, two, three!

It was strange how the crowd had reacted. After Savage's hand was raised in victory, the crowd cheered. It wasn't for Savage, however. It was for his poor victim who had finally been given a reprieve from what seemed like endless torture.

But what next the "Macho Man" had in store for professional wrestling made his torture of Rivera look like child's play by comparison.

At the time of the Savage-Rivera match there was much talk about who this promising star would choose as his manager. Names mentioned about included Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, Fred Blassie and "Luscious" Johnny Valiant.

But then came the bombshell surprise. Savage would have none of above. In fact the "Macho Man" did not want any veteran manager nor did he want a manager who was a man, for that matter.

The ultimate disgrace to the distinguished profession of wrestling management—"Macho Man" Randy Savage picked a woman to be his manager and not just any woman at that.

Not only is this Elisabeth a beauty queen with the looks to stop traffic at

the Indianapolis 500, but her knowledge of professional wrestling is about as deep as the pretty dimples that dot her chin. This gal knows nothing!

No, let me correct myself. Her knowledge of wrestling is limited to one dimension—to Randy Savage. Yes, as she stands ringside while he does battle before her, her eyes never leave him and she is full of woman's concern for her man, her one and only love.

The ultimate disgrace to the distinguished profession of wrestling management—"Macho Man" Randy Savage picked a woman to be his manager and not just any woman at that.

This turning professional wrestling into a romantic soap opera is already bad enough, but that's not the end of it. No, that's not the end, only the beginning.

It's the effect this Elisabeth has on the opponents of Savage that is a cause for concern. It is bad enough with

women like "Precious" and "Baby Doll" who physically interfere with their man's opponents. This Elisabeth, though, is much more dangerous, much more diabolical.

Judging from the first match with her in Savage's corner, this Elisabeth has the power to bewitch. That's right, this woman seems capable of casting a spell on the opponents of Randy Savage.

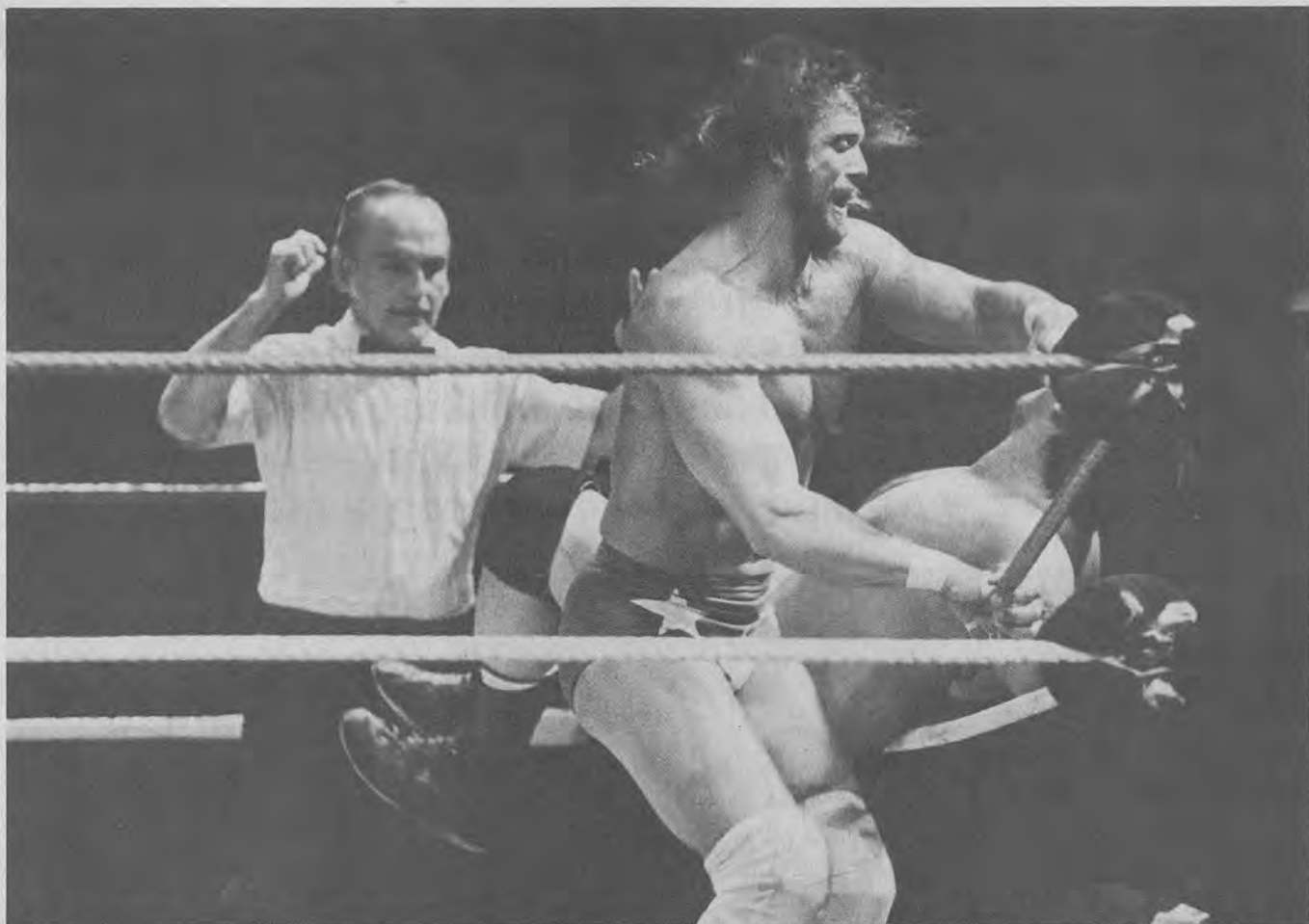
How else can you explain what happened during this latest match which saw Savage take on Rick McGraw.

As with the Savage-Rivera match, Savage and McGraw started out slowly, testing each other for a weakness. This time, though, McGraw not only seized the early advantage but followed up where previously Rivera had allowed Savage to get back into the ring.

It looked as though McGraw had learned something from the Savage-Rivera massacre, for once he got an advantage, he continued to blast Savage brutally. As had Rivera, McGraw was able to throw Savage out of the ring, but McGraw was quick to jump on Savage as he lay on the concrete.

Savage was already a strong bet for a world title in the near future—but what will Elisabeth mean to his plans?





Truthfully, for a moment, Savage looked as pathetic as his former victim, Rivera. That was when McGraw pulled him back in the ring seemingly to finish him off. Just as it seemed McGraw was ready for the kill and a final pin, something strange happened.

Judging from the first match with her in Savage's corner, this Elisabeth has the power to bewitch. That's right, this woman seems capable of casting a spell on the opponents of Randy Savage.

It happened when McGraw was crashing the "Macho Man's" head into the turnbuckle nearest to Elisabeth. McGraw clearly had the advantage and the crowd was cheering loudly as they sensed Savage was getting his just desserts. Then it happened. As Elisabeth stared up at her wounded wrestler with eyes full of sorrow, McGraw glanced down at her. Suddenly he

stopped pounding Savage and just stood there gazing with now blank eyes down at Elisabeth. Seconds passed, a minute, two, still McGraw did not move. Savage fell to the floor.

Now the crowd sensed something was wrong. A noise of confusion spread throughout the grandstands. People were asking themselves what was the matter with Rick McGraw?

But McGraw just stood there gazing down at Elisabeth who was now looking at Savage on the floor of the squared circle. Then it happened. Slowly Savage pulled himself up from the floor; it was strange how quickly he regained his strength. In a second the now fully recovered "Macho Man" was pounding away at the defenseless McGraw. In another second it was over. McGraw was on his back, with Savage on top. One, two, three!

A buzz shot through the crowd. Everyone was surprised. How could this have possibly happened?

Now Elisabeth was smiling at her victorious hero, her "Macho Man" Randy Savage. But he only ignored her as though she had had no part in his strange victory. The crowd was still buzzing. Everyone seemed completely puzzled at the sudden turnabout. Then an old lady, who was seated several rows back from the ring, jumped up and pointed at Elisabeth.

***Can Savage be stopped?
Only time will tell—but surely
this is one evil being.***

"She's a witch," the old woman cried, as she tried to stand up beneath her walking cane. "Beware, she's a witch!"

That broke the tension in the crowd and a smattering a laughter began to spread from row to row. In a moment the entire arena was rocking with laughter. A big, burly construction worker who was near the old woman seemed to be laughing the hardest. "Can you imagine that?" he asked his buddy. "What will they think of next? A witch!" he exclaimed in mock disbelief and laughed harder than before.

By now, Savage and Elisabeth were making their way from the ring back to the dressing room and they were just passing the construction worker as he voiced his doubt. Neither of the two said a word but when Elisabeth heard the word "witch" her eyes lit up and she raised a hand to cover an evil grin.

Was the old woman right? The last word has not been spoken on this to be sure. What's your opinion? Is wrestling in danger of witchcraft? Could it be that Elisabeth is the sister of Satanic Kevin Sullivan?

BRUTE FORCE

That's what it could have been called when some of the world's ugliest and meanest wrestlers gathered for a test of strength at Madison Square Garden. Hulk Hogan, Don Muraco, The Missing Link, George Steele, Uncle Elmer and Moondog Spot—they surely must rate as dinosaurs among mere mortals!



By Henry Schlesinger

World Wrestling Federation Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan has had his share of all-out wars during his celebrated title reign.

The Hulkster's burning desire to defend his treasured belt, combined with the unending line of bonafide contenders coveting the magnificent gold strip, makes that only a matter of course.

But, perhaps, no feud between two individuals has been, is or will become more bitter than the rivalry between Hogan and the Magnificent Don Muraco.

These two titans have already clashed countless times, many of the battles ending without a firm decision, with Hogan always somehow managing to muster the strength to retain the championship.

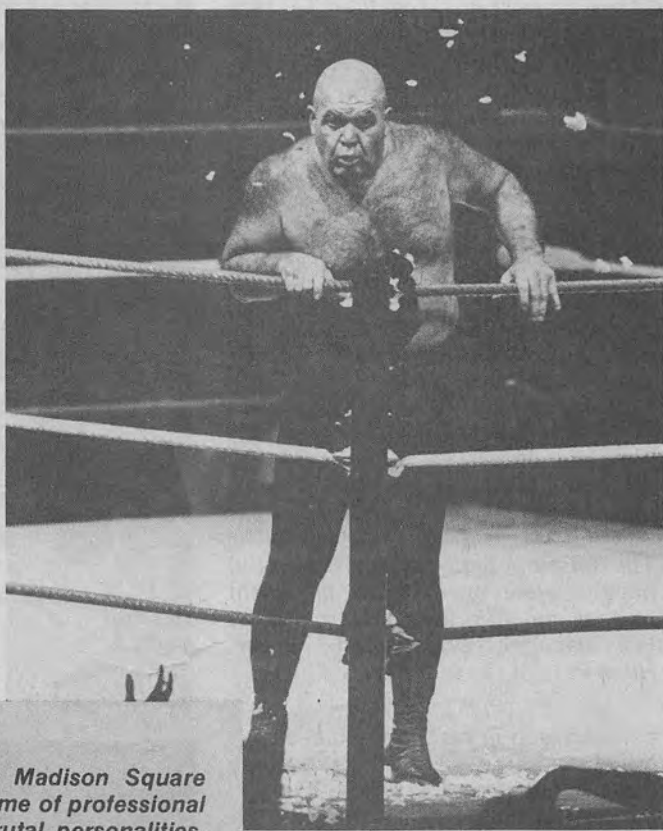
The Muraco-Hogan series reached its pinnacle on the night of June 21 in New York's Madison Square Garden when these two West Coast sunworshippers battled in a "Steel Cage Match."

Hogan, the 302-pound defending king from Venice Beach, California, and Muraco, a 267-pound heavyweight from Sunset Beach, Hawaii, expressed not a fear in the world of the pending confrontation as Garden workers assembled the steel cage for this very dangerous match.

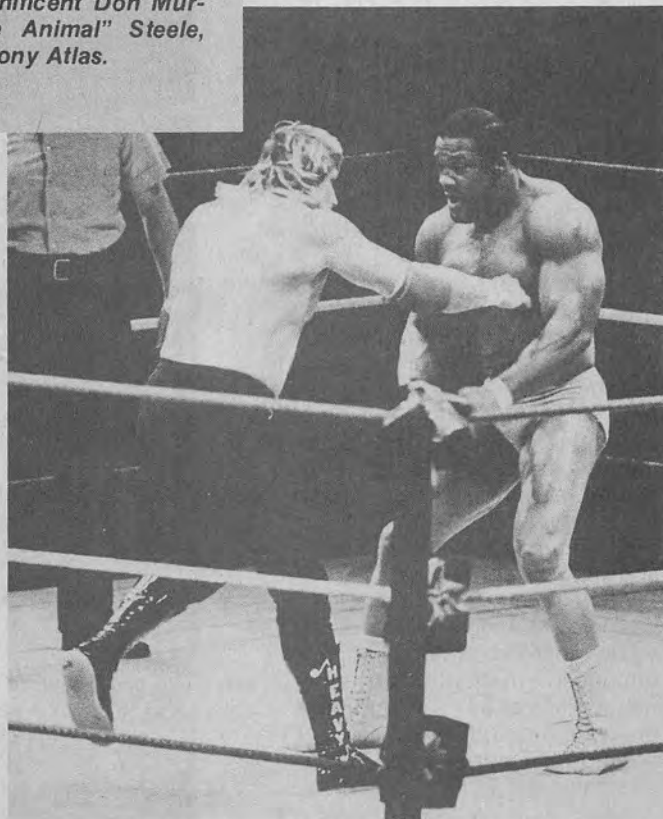
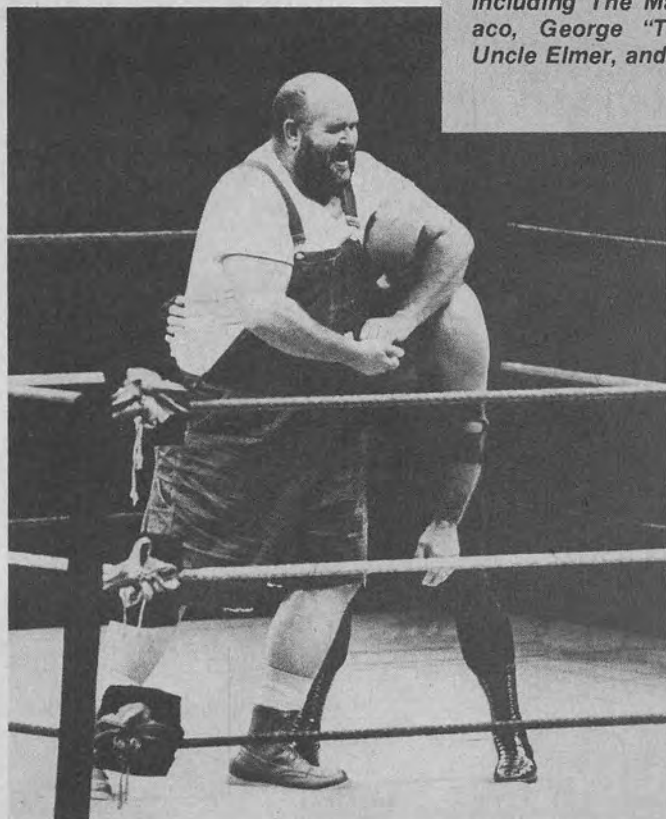
Muraco entered the cage first, accompanied only to its entrance by his notorious manager, Mr. Fuji, from the Orient. Fortunately for Hogan, while he would have enough to

Hogan was able to hold off the challenge of fellow sunworshipper Don Muraco but the question remains: how long can the Hulkster stay on top of the WWF?

SHOWDOWN



The showdown at Madison Square Garden featured some of professional wrestling's most brutal personalities, including The Magnificent Don Muraco, George "The Animal" Steele, Uncle Elmer, and Tony Atlas.





The Missing Link thought he could have a steel chair for a tag team partner, much to the consternation of his manager, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.

contend with in his arch-nemesis Muraco and the precarious steel cage itself, he would not have to be concerned with any interference from the devilish Fugi, stationed outside the cage's confines.

The powerful Hawaiian paced the ring, literally, like a caged lion, waiting for his opponent, motioning to the dressing room, shouting "C'mon." The anticipation of his foe's arrival was of the greatest magnitude. Perhaps, Muraco would have been far better off if Hogan never arrived at all.

Suddenly, the Garden, filled to the rafters, erupted with a thunderous roar, as Hulk Hogan made his entrance from beyond the curtains separating the dressing room area from the public. Clad in white boots and tights, an already-shredded "American Made" body shirt and a scarlet red bandana on his head, the Hulkster made his way to the battlegrounds while the crowd showed its approval.

As he entered the cage, Hogan waved at Muraco as if the opponent were a mere child. Was Hogan unconcerned about this evening's foe, a giant of a man who figured to give him the fight of his life, not to mention the sternest test of the championship?

Could both men be so filled with



vengeance for one another that a career-threatening cage match, no matter what the final outcome, was seemingly of little consequence? After all, neither man could pin the other, nor submit to the brutality of a particular hold. The winner would only emerge from the cage—either over the top or from its only door—while the other would lie helpless in the cage to stop him. Needless to say, both men would pay the price.

Suddenly, shockingly, Hogan fires

The Missing Link could be confused with a visitor from another planet or a different part of world history. Heenan has the same communication problem with the Link as Albano has with Steele.

his title belt at Muraco, and the Hawaiian, using it as a weapon, attacks the champ. But Hogan, just for a moment, gains the upper hand, before the two quickly separate and stalk each other in center ring.

Muraco attempts to slam Hogan's head into the steel fencing, but the Hulkster is able to use the cage itself for leverage to avoid the head-on collision with steel. A head butt and eye-rake courtesy of the kingpin had Muraco reeling. But the Hawaiian, never reluctant to use any and every means to gain a victory, knees Hogan in the groin, and follows with a head butt in the same area, leaving the champ vulnerable for the upset.

But as Muraco dashes for the cage door, Hogan manages to summon that extra strength from within, and heads him off at the pass. These two titans exchange chops and punches. Muraco offers a pair of karate chops to the Hulkster's neck, and now Hogan has fire in his eyes.

Hogan throws an elbow smash to Muraco's forehead, and then, uncharacteristically, begins to savagely bite his opponent's skull! After dealing Muraco a head butt, the champ body slams Muraco—head first—into the steel cage fencing.

Muraco's entire face is now crimson, as the blood flows from his slashed forehead like a waterfall. Another series of punches to Muraco's head turns the challenger's face into a sea of red. Hogan is setting up for the kill.

But, somehow, Muraco is



When The Missing Link and George "The Animal" Steele both get into the



same ring there's not much time wasted on polite hellos.



Uncle Elmer caused quite a stir when he announced he was getting married. To whom? Elsa the cow?!

undaunted. Finding the strength as would a wild animal when injured, the Hawaiian slams Hogan face-first into the fence. He then catapults Hogan off his feet into the cage. Now it is Hogan who is a bloody pulp.

The champ is down and almost out, as Muraco begins his ascent to the top of the cage. One foot is over the top when the champ becomes revitalized, and follows suit. The two again savagely exchange blows on the cage top, before finally falling back to the mat to continue their epic battle.

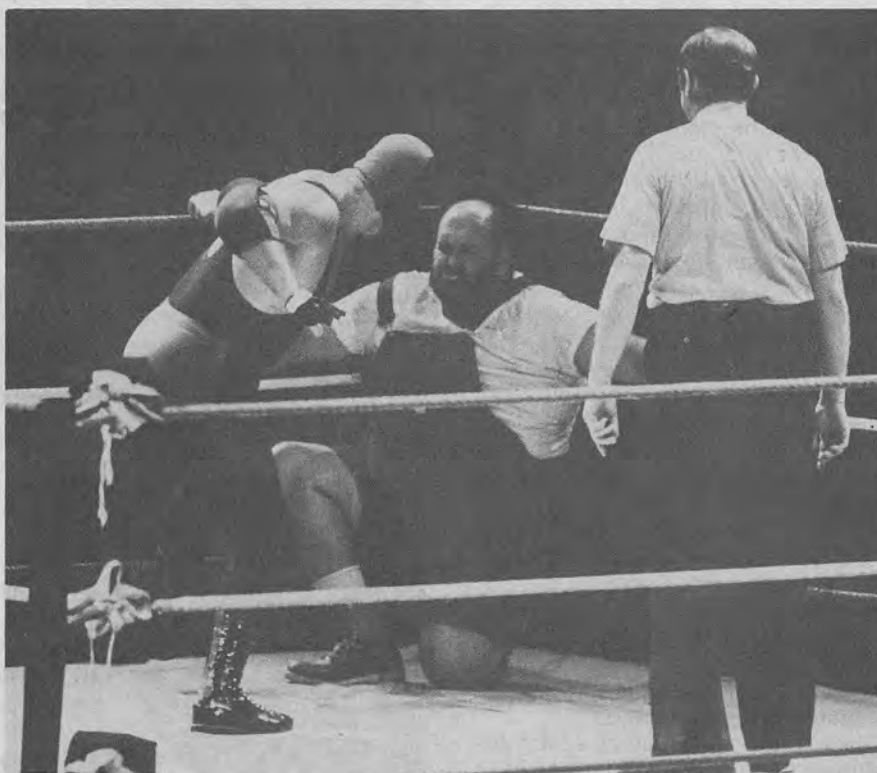
The two have seemingly lost gallons of blood, but continue the onslaught. After bouncing off the ropes, Hogan sends Muraco flying

Uncle Elmer is listed at 478 pounds, but an observer comments that Elmer must have had only one foot on the scale at the weighing!

through the ropes, and the Hawaiian's head becomes clutched between the top and middle rung. With Muraco gasping for air, the champ emerges from the cage door, still champion, with Muraco clutching his foot in a last-ditch but futile effort to stop him.

Both combatants were grotesquely mutilated, thus ending the cage match, but perhaps not the war between the Incredible Hulk Hogan and Magnificent Don Muraco.

While Hogan and Muraco have represented the WWF's elite, two figures pushing for unorthodox honors have emerged during an action-filled summer ensemble. The



Missing Link, who has even his manager Bobby "The Brain" Heenan scratching his head, and George Steele, he of the animal antics, who has his manager Captain Lou Albano doing the same, are about as unpredictable as the weather.

When Steele's one-time tag-team partners The Iron Sheik and Nikolai Volkoff suddenly turned on the Animal after a six-man battle, it was Captain Lou who came to the Man of

Steele's aid, stroking, petting and cojoling him like a baby.

Some say Steele resembles prehistoric man—either Neanderthal or Cro-Magnon man—and his animalistic shouts and motions lend some credence to that. Meanwhile, there are reports surfacing that the Animal is undergoing both hypnosis and shock treatments to restore or garner the mentality of a human being.



The Killer Bees were able to out-think and out-manuever their stronger and more savage opponents, Moondog Spot and Barry O.

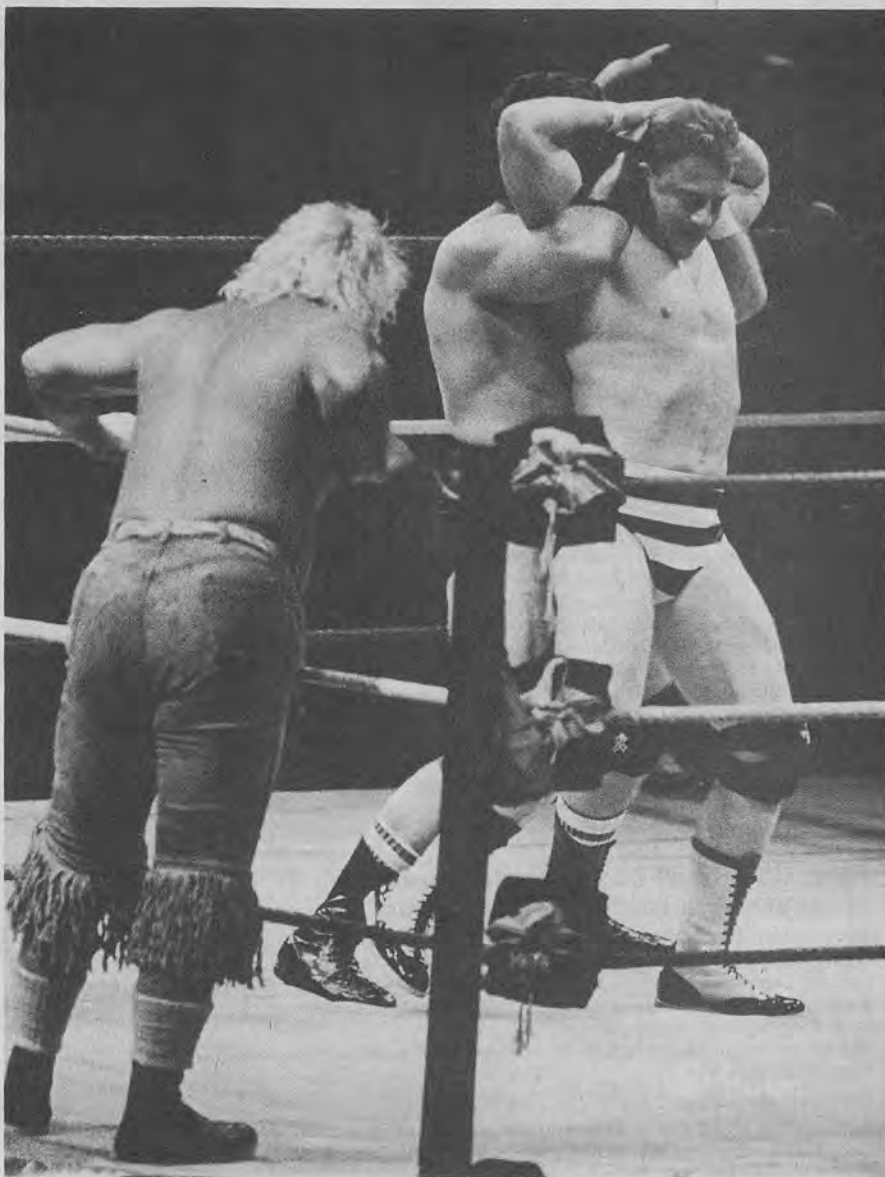
When teaming with tag champs Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo against Adrian Adonis, Big John Studd and Bobby "Weasle" Heenan on the Hogan-Muraco Garden mat card, Steele was as vicious and unorthodox as ever; the bout finally ended when the Animal was disqualified for hitting referee Dick Kroll over the head with a chair when the official attempted to stop Steele from giving Heenan the once-over with the foreign object. Mgr. Albano had great difficulty trying to explain to Steele that his actions just wouldn't do.

Meanwhile, Heenan's Missing Link could be confused with a visitor from another planet or a different part of world history. Heenan has the same communication problem with the Link as Albano has with Steele.

Heenan had all he could do to get the Missing Link to do his thing on the Garden program vs. Jose Luis Rivera. After entering the ring, the green-faced Missing Link inexplicably left the mat, with Rivera waiting at least two minutes for the bout to start up. Later, after the Link had returned, accompanied by a chair, Mgr. Heenan took a while to convince his protegee that he could not have that as a *tag partner*.

When the proceedings finally started, Missing Link had no problem making short work of Rivera, using a series of head butts to fend off Rivera in easy fashion.

Newcomer Uncle Elmer, managed by Hillbilly Jim, is listed at 478 pounds, but commentator Gorilla



Tony Atlas had a convincing victory over Barry O. Will Atlas next challenge for the title?

Monsoon, a former heavyweight himself, says "he must have had only one foot on the scale."

Wearing overalls and country boots, Elmer hails from Philadelphia, Mississippi, and should be a force to be reckoned with in the WWF. Bobby Heenan feels differently: "He's a slob," says Heenan. "He talks about hogs, he talks about pigs, he talks about down-home life. If he wants down-home life, he should stay down-home. The last thing I need is some hick with manure all over his boots and the stench of cows on his hands. He's nothing but a dirt farmer."

Tony Atlas, the powerfully-physiqued former Mr. USA, returned to the WWF to easily dispose of Matt Borne on the garden bill... The Killer Bees—Jumpin' Jim Brunzel and B. Brian Blair—won individual matches against Moondog Spot and Barry O. respectively, although both opponents forced the Bees to earn their victories in good matches...

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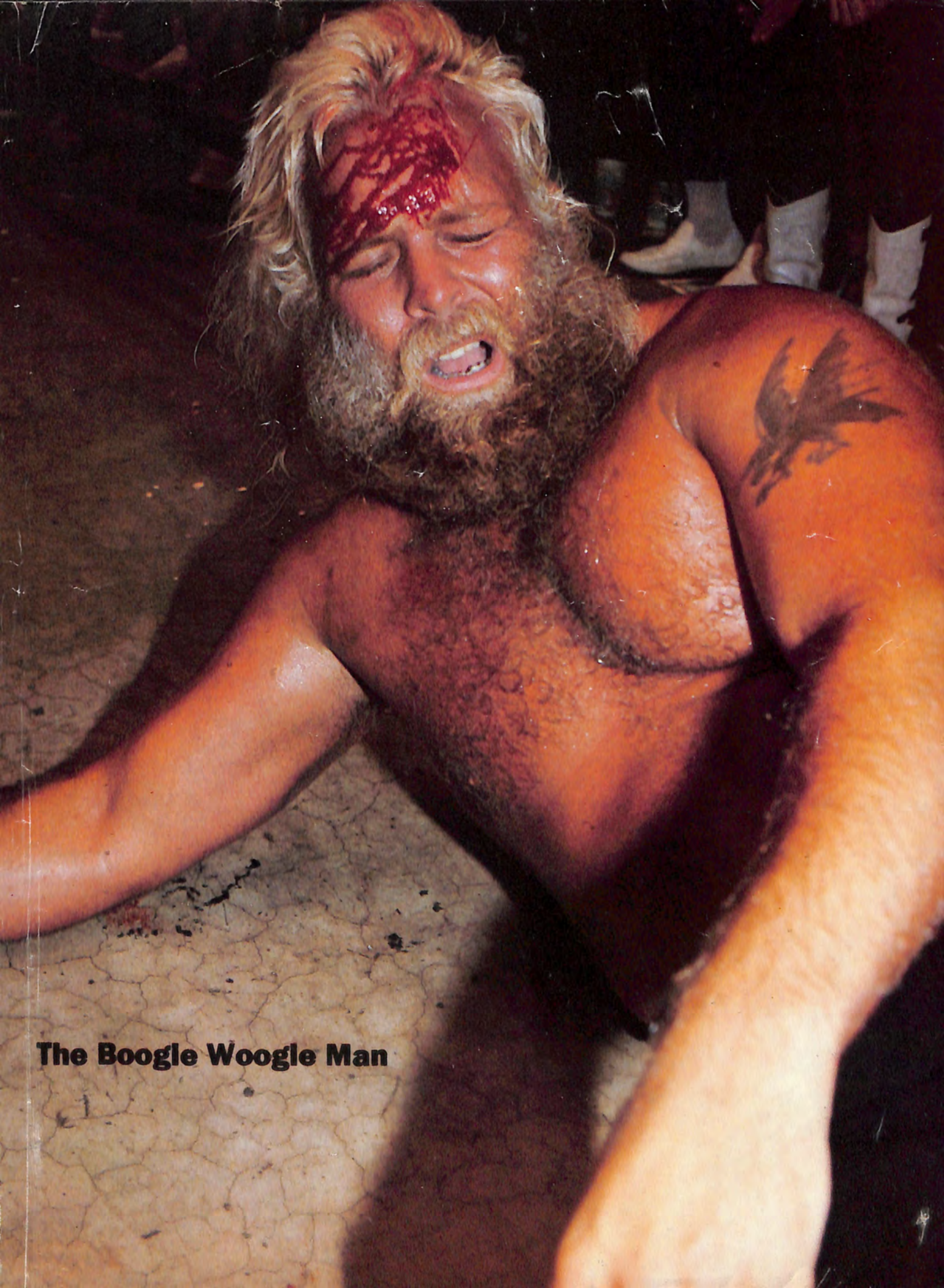
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